Saturday Review of Literature

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Catherine Drinker Bowen, author of "John Adams and the American Revolution." (See page 11)

Are Movies "Better Than Ever"?

By ARTHUR MAYER

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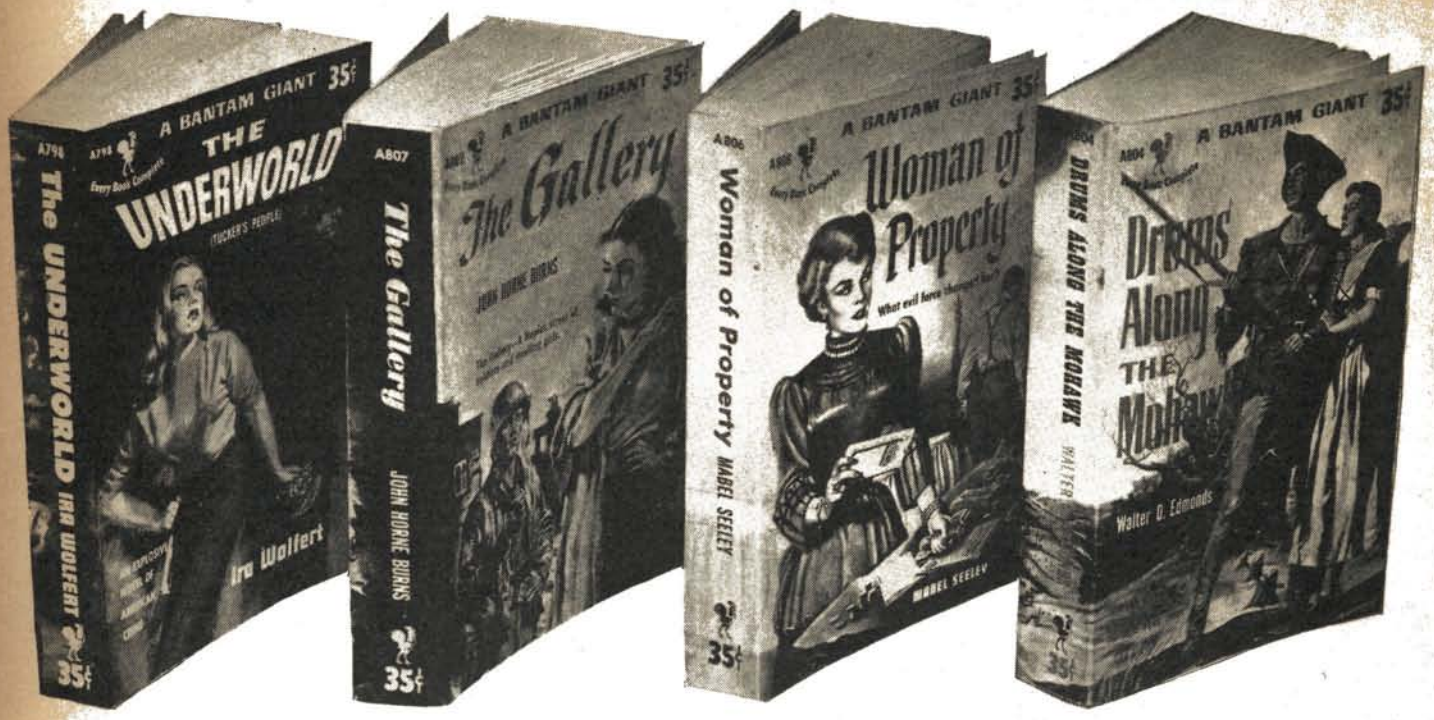

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June 17, 1950

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by
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Tender, inspirational, deeply human — this is the story of Jean Paget . . . the man she had met half a world away . . . and an unexpected inheritance that enabled them to work together building a strong, enduring future in his rough home country.

Here are new horizons, illumined by Nevil Shute's great storytelling gifts . . . and the stirring appeal of a man and a woman who dared to build where others were merely accepting defeat. *$3.00 at all bookstores*

MORROW

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TRADE Winds

DAILY COLUMNISTS discovered long ago that the surest way to attract attention is to take out a hammer and start bopping people over the head with it. Every time a popular new victim is uncovered another paper signs up for syndication rights. In this particular line of endeavor the voice with the snarl wins. How many letters a day, for instance, do you imagine a professional sourpuss like Pegler gets? And he loves every stick and stone! Myself, I'm usually a push-over for every place I visit and almost everybody I meet, and for my pains get a nice note from about one out of every four people to whom I extend the good notices. But let me once run into something that rubs me the wrong way—be it the Pennsylvania Railroad or a region devastated by strip-coal mining operations—and the fur starts flying instanter.

Some of the angry notes are very stimulating, too. There was the nice lady, for instance, who drew a beautiful map to prove to me that the Schuylkill River empties into the Delaware and not Chesapeake Bay. And the man who offered to take me through a modern coal mine to prove what a pleasant place it was in which to toil. And both J. B. Marriner, senior director of Lehigh Navigation Coal Co., and Charles Dorrance, president of West Virginia Coal & Coke Corp., who reminded me of numerous thoroughly sound arguments on management's side of the question in as good-humored and convincing a manner as possible. (A lot of convincing on that score an instinctive capitalist like myself needs—with a business of my own, a house and family, and a wad of International Paper and Texas & Pacific Land Trust stock to fret about!) The nicest gesture of all was a long-distance call from a reader in Southern Pennsylvania who suggested that I come down for a week as his guest to learn at first hand that there *are* fish to be found in the waters of the Keystone State—"speckled beauties that offer a challenge to the most expert angler," I think he called them.

Clearly, if I expect to extend the influence of TRADE WINDS I'll have to do considerably more grousing and giving-'em-what-for. What's your recipe for souring a disposition? . . .

ONCE A YEAR the Bond Club of New York perpetrates its parody *Bawl Street Journal*. The 1950 issue is way above par, thanks to Editor John Straley and a bull market that has made all the contributors carefree and contented. The growing popularity of investment-trust shares (I even heard a publisher discussing "open-end trusts" and "leverage" the other day as though he knew what he was talking about) comes in for its full share of kidding, of course. J. P. Morgan & Co. advertises, "You don't have to be worth $100,000,000 to open an account with us—but you may feel lonesome." A brassiere company claims, "We take care of deficiencies in any part of the globe." The American Bank Note Co. invites you to "send for booklet telling how to make money at home in your spare time." Merrill Lynch has adopted a two-platoon system: one to egg on customers in rising markets, another to soothe them when prices sag. The weather prediction is "Rain—followed by a bill for dry ice." The U. S. Playing Card Co. reminds you, "Maybe she will and maybe she won't but at least you canasta." The "Picture of the Month" shows a broker and his girl actually watching a movie at a drive-in theatre at Rutherford, N. J. And a report from Cairo claims that "Bennett Cerf, while exhuming items from a tomb for his next compendium of jokes, was bitten by a three-thousand-year-old gag." That WWarn't no gag, John. . . .

VERA K. LAWRENCE and Carol Lynn Gilmer, co-workers on the staff of *The Reader's Digest*, have parlayed a game they played for years on the beach at Fire Island into one of the brightest new quiz programs on the air today. It's called "The Cliché Club" and is broadcast every Wednesday evening from 8:30 to 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time, over the ABC network. We tried the game at a party at my house the other evening and, judging by the enthusiastic participation of everybody present, I can recommend it as a sure-fire device to enliven the evening next time you play host.

Here's how it works: The narrator tells a simple little story that should suggest a maxim or old saw or song title or slogan. The other guests present are a "panel" to work out the answer. Examples:

A trumpeter rendered "Summer-

"Pssst! Hey, mister, here!"

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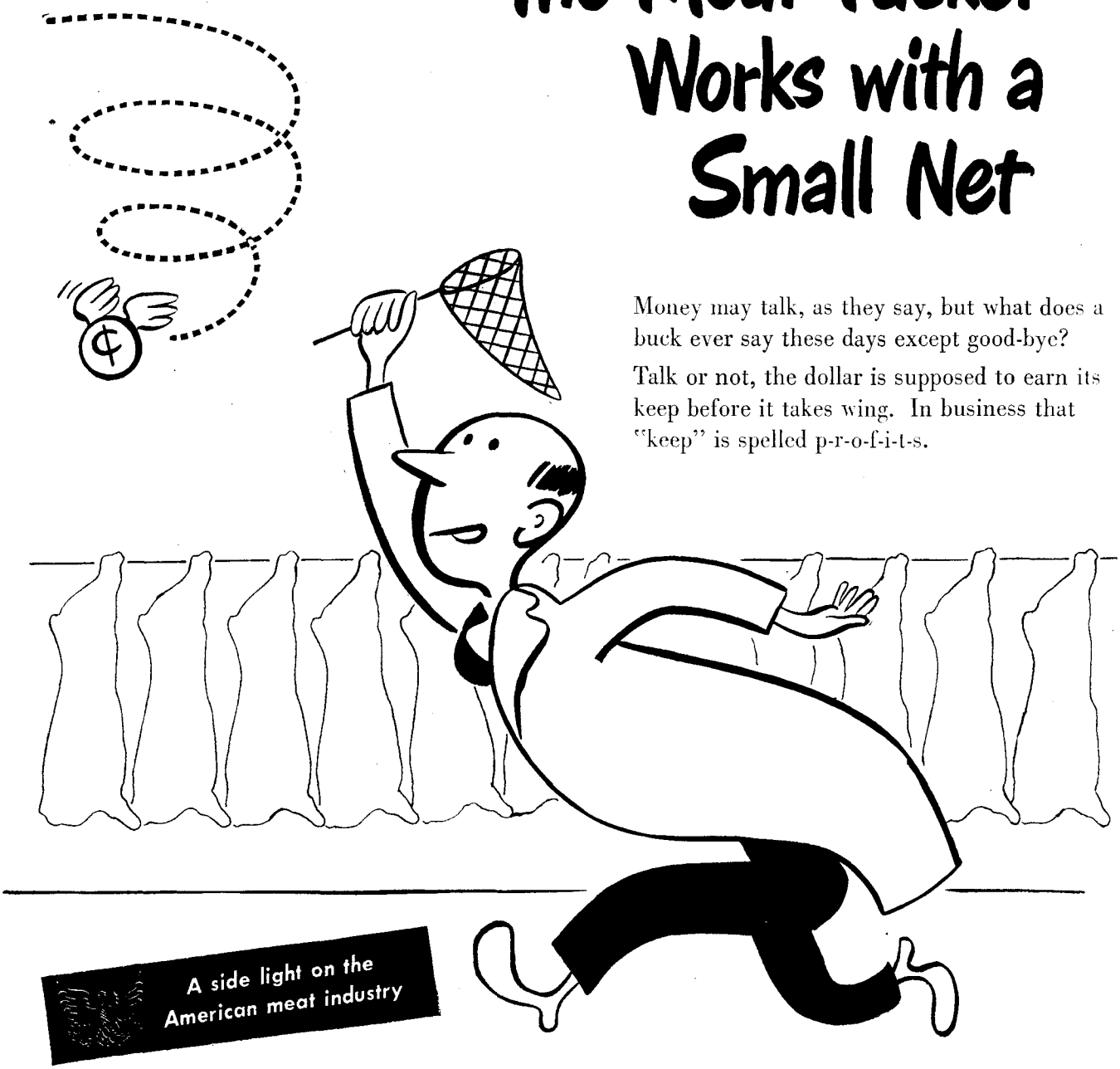
The Meat Packer Works with a Small Net



Money may talk, as they say, but what does a buck ever say these days except good-bye?

Talk or not, the dollar is supposed to earn its keep before it takes wing. In business that "keep" is spelled p-r-o-f-i-t-s.

A side light on the American meat industry

Meat packers largely depend on two things to earn a profit—top efficiency and fast turnover of a lot of dollars in buying livestock and selling it as meat and by-products.

The buck invested in the packing industry is turned over so many times a year that it gets dizzy.

Let's look at profits this way:

Over the past decade, yearly earnings of meat packing firms averaged just a little over seven cents on the invested dollar.

Look at profit as a per cent of what the packer receives from the sale of meat and by-products. Over the same ten-year period, it has averaged one and one-third cents per dollar. And meat packers were able to do this well only because they could find buyers for so many of the by-products of meat handling.

What does all this prove? That while the packing industry moves meat from farm to store at a lower service cost than almost any other food by reason of efficient methods and quick turnover, it manages to make the dollar earn its keep.

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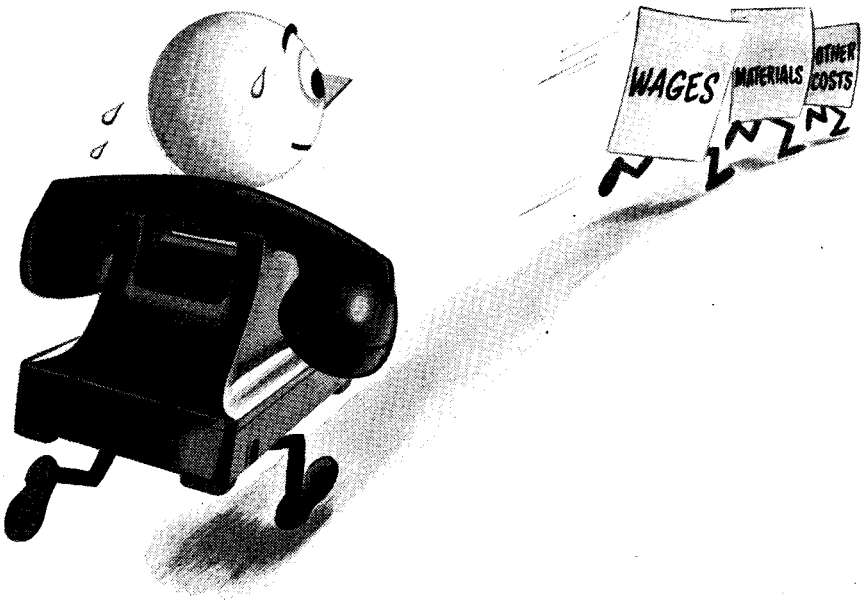

We're trying to catch up with costs

Increases in the price you pay for telephone service are far behind the increases in wages and other costs

THE PRICE of telephone service has gone up much less than the price of almost everything else you buy. It has gone up far less than the cost of providing the service. Take wages, which are the biggest item, as an example.

Rates Up Far Less Than Wages — The increases granted so far in rates for telephone service are only about half the increases of $728,000,000 in telephone wages during the ten-year period through 1949.

In addition to wages, the costs of materials and almost everything else used in furnishing telephone service have risen substantially.

These things mean higher operating costs. They also mean higher construction costs and hence increase the amount of investment for each new telephone that is added.

The Need for Adequate Rates — These are some of the reasons why telephone rate increases are so necessary. The Bell Telephone Companies, however, have not asked nor do they intend to ask for more than is needed to keep on giving you good telephone service — service that improves and expands and grows in its value to you.

Only a Penny or so a Call — Rate increases so far, plus those now requested, average only a penny or so per call — an exceedingly small amount compared to the value, security and convenience of telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

time" on his instrument and followed with "White Christmas." Answer: he blew hot and cold.

A famous war aviator fell into a well. Answer: ace in the hole.

A man and his partner owned a very successful saloon. The moment the man bought out his partner's interest, however, business went to pot and he went into bankruptcy. He found another partner and opened a new saloon. Again he prospered. Again he bought out the partner. And again business promptly collapsed and he had to suspend operations. Answer: it takes two to make a bargain.

A fellow was playing tennis on a court laid out next to the penthouse atop a great skyscraper. He scored a clean ace with a terrific serve but lost his balance in so doing, fell over the parapet, and crashed seventy-three storeys to the pavement below. Answer: good to the last drop.

The pretender to a throne sat at the head of the table at a swanky tea party, handing out the refreshments himself. Answer: it never reigns but it pours.

A mother drop and a father drop taught their baby drop to become a worthy component of the boundless ocean. They showed it how to become part of the spray, how to embody itself in a wave, how to surge up onto a beach, and then recede—all the tricks of the trade, in fact. At the end of a fortnight the father drop remarked complacently, "Well, I think we've taught Junior everything a drop should know. I do believe he's now . . ." Answer: fit to be tide.

After a bitter contest a gentleman was elected president of a social club by a majority of exactly one vote over his competitor. In his acceptance speech he said, "I hope that those who were good enough to vote for me—and *only* those who voted for me—will join me in the bar and have a snifter with me to wish me luck." Answer: drink to me only with thine ayes.

All right, *you* try a few. Better still, listen to the next session of the Cliché Club. There are awards for problems used on the program. . . .

SEVERAL YEARS AGO when a song about an orange grove in California was featured in a Music Box Revue the resourceful Irving Berlin sprayed the theatre with a scent of orange blossoms and heightened the illusion no end. The idea languished until a bright fellow at the New York Museum of Natural History adapted it for *Natural History Magazine*. Subscribers were delighted to discover that a recent issue had the redolent and unmistakable fragrance of a Maine pine forest. The formula was

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evolved by the Printing Ink Division of the Inter-Chemical Corp., which stands ready to work out something of a similar nature for other publishers so inclined. A couple of those torrid new twenty-five-cent numbers could stand a little dunking in a mixture of lavender water and tar soap. . . . Naomi Burton, an important and charming executive of the Curtis Brown agency, is honest enough to admit that when she first heard that their long-time client Thomas Merton had entered a Trappist monastery she grumbled, "Damnation! That means he'll never write again!" . . . Charles Lee interviewed a novelist from London who affected to be too, too bored with all the royalties he was collecting. "All this computing of taxes and checking statements irks a man of my temperament," he declared. Lee reminded him, "It's nice irk if you can get it." . . . And Pyke Johnson says that so many publishers are going abroad this summer there ought to be a weekly list of "best sailers." . . .

A COMPANY THAT publishes one of the great encyclopedias advertised for a male stenographer who could also answer routine inquiries. An applicant who arrived in America from Shanghai, after a long stopover in Honolulu, didn't quite get the job with this letter: "Me Chinese Bing Foy drive typewriter with hell of noise and my English is it. Last job left itself from me for simple reason big man was dead on account of not my fault. So what of it? If you same anxious like me I will arrive on day as you can guess."

—BENNETT CERF.

The Awakening

By Virginia Esterly Dunbar

SLEEP had dragged her like a wave,
Had sucked her like a tide,
And now receding seas have thrown
The limp drowned girl aside.

The shafted sunlight fingers
The damp hair and the wrist
Where blood and dreams conspired
To succor her with mist.

The twisted sheets like shells
Fold the shadows in;
Now day strikes the slack legs,
The insentient skin.

Waking travels slow
Through the dull caves of grief,
And all her body on the bed
Is a blind boat wrecked on a reef.

NEW BOOKS
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American Labor Leaders

PERSONALITIES AND FORCES IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT

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"Far and away the ablest book of its kind in the literature of the American labor movement . . . fascinating as biography and rich with insights and wise judgments about labor as a whole."—*J. Raymond Walsh.* "One cannot avoid being impressed with the judiciousness of his analysis and the scholarly work that lies behind it."—*Sumner H. Slichter.* $4.00

Unions Before the Bar

HISTORIC TRIALS SHOWING THE EVOLUTION OF LABOR RIGHTS IN THE UNITED STATES

By *Elias Lieberman*, Author of "The Collective Labor Agreement"

". . . an exciting account of the leading courtroom battles in the history of American labor-management relations . . . indispensable for every student of labor problems, whether his approach is legal, economic or sociological."—NEW YORK TIMES. $5.00

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By *James Dahir*

How can we reverse the disturbing trend toward urban disorganization? Here is the only up-to-date survey of the many projects now going forward to create more livable communities. Emphasizing citizen action as basic to urban redevelopment, "this is good sociological reporting . . . a serviceable and admirable book."—*Lewis Mumford.* $4.00

Science and the Goals of Man

A STUDY IN SEMANTIC ORIENTATION

By *Anatol Rapoport*, University of Chicago.

Foreword by *S. I. Hayakawa.*

Is scientific method neutral to ethical questions, or does it reveal a sound, helpful morality of its own? Affirming, in layman's language, the important role of science in human affairs, this book is "a model of clarity . . . Science emerges, not as a by-product of a particular culture, but as the essence of a culture only now in the process of formation."—AMERICAN SCIENTIST. $3.50

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This is a building in Drayneflete, home town of the Parsley-Ffidgets, as it was in the

15th century

and the

17th century

and the

20th century

Now for the first time the archives of Drayneflete, enriched by the contributions of Miss Dracula Parsley-Ffidget, have been made public.

The town is not to be found on any map, and tourism is the poorer for it. But the reader is the richer for no legendary locale has ever been celebrated in a richer vein of folly than Lancaster's unreasonably witty history.

There'll Always Be a Drayneflete

by Osbert Lancaster

At all bookstores $2.25 *Just Published* Houghton Mifflin Co.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Are Movies "Better Than Ever"?

ARTHUR MAYER

Arthur Mayer

A FEW DAYS ago an experienced motion-picture exhibitor of my acquaintance said to me, "Most of our features this year have been stinkers but next season's crop will be out of this world." He and some 15,000 more of my fellow showmen have been making the same blithe prediction for the past twenty years. Our faith in the future is not one adjective diminished by recollections of mendacious publicity handouts, elaborate brochures eulogizing attractions which never materialized, and all-night sessions with salesmen far more gifted fictionally than the authors whose canned stepchildren they misrepresented. We excoriate the producers while we enthuse sight unseen over their coming productions.

At one phase in the Government's long protracted legal proceedings against the major film companies the courts, seeking to establish some degree of security for theatre owners, decreed that all pictures must be screened by the distributors prior to national release. These screenings, however, served only to establish how insecure are the judgments of reasonable folk like jurists when they prejudge the reactions of unreasonable folk like exhibitors. With few exceptions, we shunned these screenings as we would a delegation from the ladies' local temperance society: we were running no unnecessary risks of sapping our superlatives. Frequently, to comply with the law, pictures had to be projected to protect exhibitors, not a single one of whom was present to be protected.

The current manifestation of this occupational disease of show business is the newly adopted slogan "Movies Are Better than Ever." Skeptics might suggest that we shout our new battle cry tongue in cheek but this would be a grave misapprehension of the sawdust tradition, which still stuffs our shirts, now white instead of pink. However floppo this week's business we have no doubt that the coming attraction will have them lined around the corner. Although we are at present plagued with more torments than Job, we are convinced that television, the inroads of other competitive amusements, the restrictions on foreign markets, the unfavorable critical comments on Hollywood pictures, the fading of the famous stars of yesterday, the success of the Government lawsuits, and all our other apparent afflictions will help rather than hinder the progress of the industry. Today we may be deep in the red but the future is rosy. As Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew's, Inc., remarked during a previous depression, "Nothing is wrong with the picture business that good pictures can't cure," and good pictures are coming.

TO AVOID misunderstanding, it should be borne in mind that when an exhibitor speaks of "good" pictures he means those which attract more than the usual number of patrons. He unhesitatingly would rate "Samson and Delilah" as the best film of the current season. On the other hand, a competent movie reviewer like Bosley Crowther of *The New York Times* shudders as he thinks of "Samson and Delilah" and writes: "If you're looking for historical drama, for poetic tragedy—no. But if you'll settle for gold-plated pageants, for muscular episodes, and

—*Paramount Pictures, Inc.*

"Samson and Delilah"—"graphic inducements to wolf-whistling."

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"The Bicycle Thief"—"a sensitive segment of life."

for graphic inducements to wolf-whistling, then 'Samson and Delilah' is for you."

Crowther's conception of a good picture is a sensitive, sincere segment of human life, such, for instance, as "The Bicycle Thief." But "The Bicycle Thief" will, if not denied circuit booking because its little hero cannot deny the call of nature, gross one dollar to "Samson and Delilah's" thirty. American picture producers, even if they succeed more fully than anticipated in their struggle to decrease substantially their inflated production costs, would shortly be in bankruptcy if they had to function on the low receipts of the average high-brow favorites.

Fortunately, there are and always have been pictures capable of meeting the requirements of both the commercial- and the critical-minded, films which succeeded in satisfying all but the two extremes of the superasinine and the superesthetic: "It Happened One Night," "Going My Way," "Lost Weekend," "Rebecca," "Road to Utopia," and many more. It is to such pictures that I am referring when I use the semantic-scarred word "good." When I stick my neck out to warble "Movies Are Better than Ever" I mean that I am convinced we already have, and in the future are going to have, an increased percentage of such pictures.

Actually, without being fully aware of it, we have for some time been enjoying the first film fruits of the new dispensation. It would be impossible to mention all of the fine pictures of the past two years—nor all of the terrible ones for that matter, for I am not predicting that Eric Johnston is about to wave an epic wand and all the bad films will promptly vanish. The percentage of good to bad is, I think, our safest criterion and it is currently running approximately one out of ten, an average which compares favorably with the output of books, plays, poems, or pictures. An industry which has in a comparatively brief time released "All the King's Men," "Battleground," "Champion," "Cinderella," "Command Decision," "Home of the Brave," "Intruder in the Dust," "Johnny Belinda," "Letter to Three Wives," "Lost Boundaries," "Riding High," "Set-Up," "Snake Pit," "Stratton Story," "The Heiress," "Three Came Home," "Twelve O'Clock High," "Asphalt Jungle," "Panic in the Streets," and "When Willie Comes Marching Home," deserves more applause and less disparagement.

There is no longer, if there ever was, much truth in the accusation that Hollywood directs its appeal at the twelve-year-old mind—though, of course, it does aim at the Peter Pan in most of us, which refuses to grow up, and understandably prefers gamboling in Never-Never Land to gambling on the frustrations and the perils of the atomic wasteland. The West Coast studios are less interested today in young audiences than in younger authors, directors, and, above all, younger producers. The two prime exhibits for visiting exhibitors are Dore Schary, comparatively gifted, comparatively new head of the M-G-M studios, and Stanley Kramer, who, with the completion of his third successful picture, "The Men," dealing with so unlikely a box-office bet as the plight of paraplegics, is still perched in the precarious position of the fair-haired boy of Hollywood.

Of such competent new leadership the industry stands in grave need. Back in 1919, when United Artists was founded by Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford, and Griffith, some wag cracked that "the lunatics have taken over the asylum." By the late Thirties the maniacs, if such they were, had been replaced with hard-bitten, competent businessmen who led the industry out of the deep valley of the Depression and to the high profits of the war and postwar years. During these lush times it required something akin to genius to produce an unsuccessful picture.

Those boom days are now only memories. From aggregate pre-tax earnings in 1946 of 204 million, the five major companies sagged in 1949 to a profit of 88 million, the bulk of which was due to theatre earnings. Total production investment of all companies in that year amounted to $250,000,000, and if the cost of prints, advertising, and distribution amount, as generally estimated, to nine-tenths of the negative costs, a little over $475,000,000 would have been required to break even. The total gross, however, amounted to only $400,000,000.

Nor has the decline of receipts been checked. On the contrary, surveys of exhibitor income for the first quarter of 1950 indicate that the downward tendency has intensified and attendance is running 15 per cent less than in the same period a year ago. Most theatres are still making money but on a greatly reduced scale. One high-class suburban house, for instance, in which I have an interest and which three years ago showed a profit of $35,000, will be fortunate if it makes $10,000 this season.

MOST nonindustry observers would be inclined to assign the blame for this amazing anomaly to television. In four years the new night threat has been transformed from a faint disturbance on the distant ether to a million reverberations in the homes of America. Almost overnight on the rooftops of our residential sections, particularly those of the lower- or middle-income groups, angular, Calder-like antennae have arisen suggestive of some menacing new totalitarian insignia. A year ago in New York City, according to *Variety*, television accounted for 15 per cent of the total broadcast audience. Today it is 49.6 per cent. Tomorrow the world! Retail sales for 1950 are estimated to total $800,000,000. In the month of February alone 461,000 sets were sold. At such a rate, by the end of 1950 some seven million screens will be firmly planted on the American family hearth. What was formerly a man's castle is now his movie theatre!

Anyone who suffers from the delusion that such an invasion will not materially alter the theatre-attendance habits of the American public should,

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Americans. *This week three figures of the American Revolution fall under the scrutiny of three lady biographers. Their products are perhaps less valuable for any new material they may contain than they are as examples of the art of historical biography. For the writing of the historical biography is an art. One of its foremost practitioners is Catherine Drinker Bowen, whose "John Adams and the American Revolution" combines accuracy with selectivity, objectivity with color and personality, the essences of a study of a man and his times. Eleanor Young, in her "The Forgotten Patriot Robert Morris," falls victim to the temptation to fictionalize—a device never resorted to by the artful Mrs. Bowen. By her very insistence, on the other hand, upon sticking to facts and letting the color and conversation go, Marie Kimball (in the third volume of her "Life of Jefferson") allows the man himself to escape in a maze of research.*

Architect of the New World

JOHN ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown & Co. 699 pp. $5.

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

WHEN John Adams, who was to sign the Declaration of Independence and become the second President of the United States, was twenty-one he wrote in his diary:

> I can as easily still the tempest or stop the rapid thunderbolt as command the motions and operations of my own mind. My brains seem constantly in as great confusion and wild disorder as Milton's chaos. Vanity, I am sensible, is my cardinal vice and folly. I am in continual danger, when in company, of being led into it by an ignus fatuus chase by it, without the strictest caution or watch over myself. I never have bright, refulgent ideas. Everything appears in my mind dim and obscure, like objects seen through a dirty glass or roiled water.

Poor John, of course, grew up to have bright and refulgent ideas about liberty and revolution and the form the new government he helped establish should take. It is quite probable that he never conquered his vanity (the old John Adams has come down in history as a testy gentleman who thought very well of himself, and all his descendants, through Henry, regarded the Adams breed as something pretty special) but he did learn how to act in public as one of the most astute politicians of an extraordinarily political age.

He was not as complex an individual as he thought himself to be, but he was complex enough. The origins of his complexities have long been lost in obscurity mainly because the historians and biographers—as is natural—have spent most of their time with the mature Adams, the experienced lawyer and revolutionary and the successor in the Presidency of George Washington. To Catherine Drinker Bowen the first forty years, the formative years in Braintree, Cambridge (Harvard), Worcester, and Boston, when he was studying, learning, loving, and changing, are the most important. To these she devotes her long and exciting book with excellent results, making "John Adams and the American Revolution" an even better biography than her well-remembered "Yankee from Olympus," in which she captured the wholeness of the lusty Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mrs. Bowen's book opens in the autumn of 1745, when John Adams was ten years old, and closes when he was forty. Mrs. Bowen, apropos of this period, quotes a remark Adams made when he was eighty years old:

> What do we mean by the Revolution? The war with Britain? That was no part of the Revolution; it was only the effect and consequence of it. The Revolution was in the minds and hearts of the people, and this was effected from 1760 to 1775, in the course of fifteen years, before a drop of blood was shed at Lexington.

It is with these fifteen years—"the most important, the most significant, of John Adams's life"—that Mrs. Bowen mostly deals. They were the years when Adams and his great, thinking contemporaries worked out the Plan whereby the Revolution, when it came as war, was "the only one that succeeded wholly, the only one that did not run full cycle back to despotism—to a Napoleon and a world con-

THE AUTHOR: "It's not hard to sell stuff if you don't aim too high," says Catherine Drinker Bowen (Downs), whose idea of real elevation would be an arresting concept. She did begin humbly enough—in 1919 with fourth prize from *Power Boating*, whereupon the *Easton* (Pa.) *Express* snapped her up to do 300 words a day at $1 per (diem, that is). Since then she has, while mothering three, contributed countless articles and stories to thoughtful and fluffy magazines and written four distinguished biographies: "Beloved Friend" (Tchaikovsky), "Free Artist" (Anton Rubinstein), "Yankee from Olympus" (Oliver Wendell Holmes), and "John Adams and the American Revolution." Her historical gears were ground on a chronicle of Lehigh University, where her father was long president, the Drinkers having always been consequential—from Philadelphia's first native-born citizen to Mrs. Bowen's aunt, artist Cecilia Beaux; sister Ernesta Drinker Barlow, a writer; brothers Philips, who invented the iron lung; Cecil, in industrial medicine, and Henry S., a lawyer. Like the last, her delight is music, studied in Baltimore and Juilliard and performed with bow to bows at weekly musicales in her home at Bryn Mawr. "Friends and Fiddlers" was, in fact, her first major work. What the next will be she isn't revealing yet. Excerpts from "Yankee" became, in another's hands, a hit play, and she'd rather like to do a theatrical version herself of "John Adams." "For my money, he was the most exciting, the most attractive, the wisest, wittiest, friendliest character in American history. . . . But plays—that's one of those things one takes to in her boudoir—and then falls flat on her face. I'd like to do some experimental writing for a year; if I flop I'm going right back to the seventeenth century, and I have my man all picked out!"—R.G.

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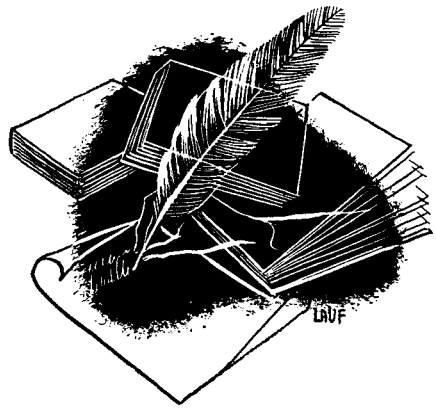
quest, a Kremlin and government by secret police." Not yet, at least.

Adams was not, at heart, a revolutionist as we easily use that word. He was a very young man when he began to think about government and his first vision was not of a new country, but of what Mrs. Bowen describes as "a British commonwealth of nations, stretching across two oceans, an example, a challenge, and an invitation to all who desired liberty under the law." Events made this impossible of achievement, not because Adams and his contemporaries on this side of the ocean wanted it to, but because the British crown betrayed the vision. It all but broke John Adams's heart. He had grown up to think of himself as British, a believer in British rights, freedom, and the Constitution. But when British stupidity made the break inevitable (although, as he said, "I go mourning in my Heart all the Day long") he sided where his conscience dictated he must side and became one of the architects of the New World.

John Adams was a lawyer (a profession he took up when he could no longer accept the chill Calvinism of the church into which he had been destined to be ordained) and as such was a lover of order and precedent. He was no Sam Adams, no Tom Paine. Fiery words did not become his style. He had not the character to be a plotter against the status quo. It is for these reasons, as much as for any, that John Adams has been less a hero to those who want their revolutionaries cast to type than his achievements deserve. It is out of them that the portrait of him as Old Sink and Swim, a rather stuffy, garrulous, conceited old gentleman, has originated.

It is Mrs. Bowen's bold task not to "debunk" John Adams but to make him live as a human being—as "young John Adams," a growing boy and learning man you can see and believe in. In order to do this she has steeped herself in the data of his times, absorbing them, as it were, through the pores, until she writes and talks with the very accent of Massachusetts as it must have been in the Age of Enlightenment. This is no easy task. At less capable hands we would very likely have a "fictionalized biography" (one of the most horrid of literary monstrosities!) but because of her skill and artfulness we have instead a believable book with which even the most meticulous historian could hardly find fault.

Never are Mrs. Bowen's methods transparent and, although she has a tendency to overwrite, the net result is a brilliant synthesis of the thoughts and characters, the sights and sounds and smells of Massachusetts in its trying years. Hers are no people decked



out in broadcloth and silver buckles, no Kenneth Robertsian phonies, but living people animated from the accurate records they left behind.

It is as if Mrs. Bowen had actually lived in the weathered house at Braintree, gone for the cows with young John, followed him into the dormitories at Harvard, walked the long miles between home and college, sat with him in his Worcester schoolhouse, been present at the gathering where Adams met James Putnam and was introduced to the Law.

It is as if she had studied (and in her notes she says she did!) My Lord Coke's "Institutes" and all the other books, now long forgotten, which formed his orderly mind. She seems to have known John's garrulous mother (whence stemmed all the Adamses' love for talking) and his frugal, hard-working father, and his two brothers, content to sacrifice for John's educational advancement. She all but puts herself in the place of the amazing Abigail, who became John's wife.

An indefatigable worker, a researcher with a passion for accuracy, Mrs. Bowen has written a book that will stand beside any that have been written about the Revolutionary period, both for its readability and its respect for facts. Even the conversations she has invented out of the documents and manuscripts that have survived all these years have none of the annoying qualities dialogues of this kind so often have. It is true that Mrs. Bowen has discovered no new facts about Adams or the times he lived in, but she has given the old, old facts, grown thin through years of repetitious usage, a new meaning and flavor.

"John Adams and the Revolution" is essentially a study of character, of John Adams the respecter of law and tradition, who lived through a warring period to help bring about, and later to win, the Revolutionary War, that severed America from the Old World. It is the study of a great man (although not as great as his contemporary Jefferson, as revolutionist, political thinker, or President) and how he became great during those great times.

Revolution's Moneybag

THE FORGOTTEN PATRIOT ROBERT MORRIS. By Eleanor Young. New York: The Macmillan Co. 280 pp. $4.

By Richard B. Morris

GILBERT STUART, who, as Benjamin West observed, was able to "nail the face to the canvas," portrayed the plump financier of the American Revolution as a shrewd, firm-jawed realist with an eye to the main chance. In Eleanor Young's new biography Stuart's realistic image of Robert Morris has acquired a romanticized patina. Miss Young is an author with a mission—the rehabilitation of a patriot whose memory she claims has been ignored for a century and a half. From her pages Morris emerges with a brand-new halo, but her literary portrait lacks the superb brushwork of Stuart's canvas and her subject appears stripped of the vitality, power, and audacity which Morris so abundantly displayed.

The pity is that so much of her special pleading is unnecessary for as a genius of American public finance Robert Morris holds an unchallenged position alongside Alexander Hamilton. Modern total war has hammered home the importance of the civilian economy in an all-out war effort. Morris's heroic and virtually single-handed wizardry in uncovering funds for the Revolutionary Army at a time when the feeble checks against inflation had collapsed was indispensable to the winning of the war. What has clouded Morris's reputation is the fact that he feathered his own nest at the same time. Perhaps his enemy, Arthur Lee, put the matter rather strongly when he charged that Morris had made "his public trust subservient to private speculation," but in conducting his ramified private trading ventures while he was handling public finances Morris won opprobrium as the greatest profiteer in the country. Miss Young would have us believe that Morris became a speculator "against his wishes and his better judgment," but his own words, which she does not see fit to include, controvert her. In a significant piece of advice to Silas Deane, Morris declared that "the present opportunity of improving our fortunes ought not to be lost, especially as the very means of doing it will contribute to the service of our country at the same time." Morris came out of the war as America's richest man.

Morris's great wealth made him suspect to many of his compatriots, who feared that any strengthening of the Federal Government's control over

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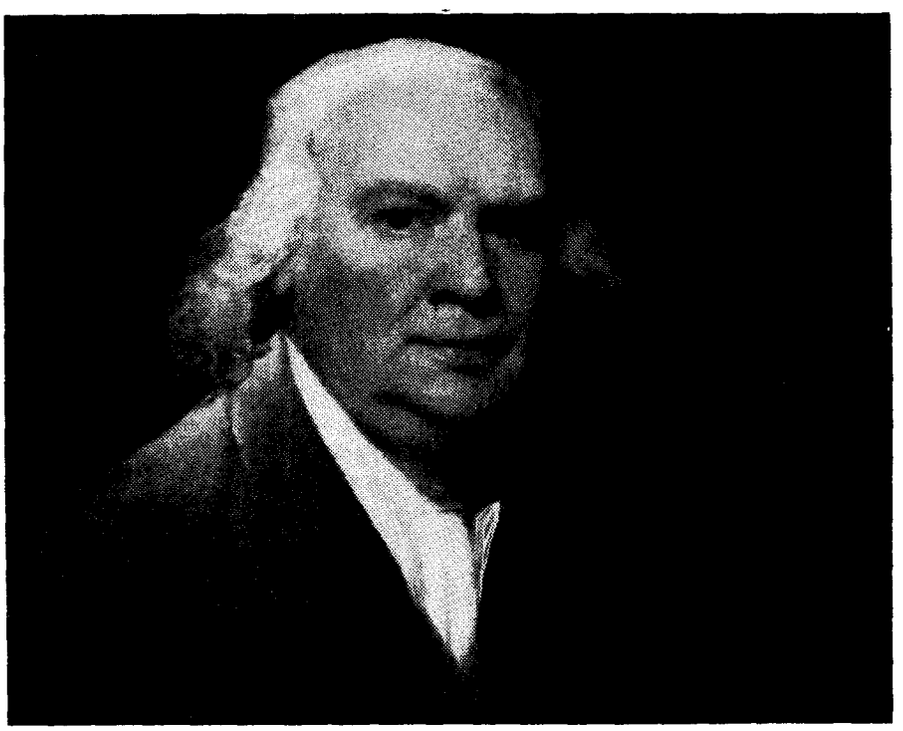
taxation and debt funding would increase his power in the land. His hard money views endeared him to pre-Keynesian economists but some recent historians feel that he and his partisans deliberately exaggerated the economic difficulties of the Confederation interlude and played down the substantial achievements of the states in funding the war debt. Morris's own greed led to his overreaching himself in land speculation, and his career came to a tragic climax in Philadelphia's Prune Street jail. Miss Young defends his land-jobbing because of its "altruistic goal of improved conditions for mankind," but had Morris succeeded in holding on to the many millions of acres he owned or controlled through pyramid operations, the Federal Government's liberal land policy would have received a severe setback.

Although Miss Young has examined a good many Morris documents, including a collection at the Huntington Library, she has seen fit to fictionalize much of her dialogue. In this type of biographical writing it is difficult to ascertain how much is fact and how much pure invention. Considering the controversial character of Morris's life, the case for or against him cannot be closed until all of the pertinent evidence has been placed on record. But the condition of Morris's private accounts will probably make it impossible ever to resolve some of these issues. In any event, Robert Morris's career warrants a more perceptive and thoroughgoing handling of the sources than Miss Young has given us.



—*Gilbert Stuart.*

Robert Morris—"a brand-new halo."

Colonial Minister to France

JEFFERSON: The Scene of Europe 1784 to 1789. By Marie Kimball. New York: Coward-McCann. 357 pp. $6.

By Saul K. Padover

THIS is a Jefferson year. Exactly 150 years ago Thomas Jefferson, in one of the stormiest campaigns in American history, was almost defeated for the Presidency. When his election finally took place in the Congress he accepted it less as a personal victory than a democratic revolution. "A pacific revolution," he described it, "as real as that of 1776, a revolution not of form but of principles." As if to commemorate that event, two volumes of Jeffersoniana have appeared recently. One is the first volume of the monumental edition of "The Papers of Thomas Jefferson," published by Princeton University Press under the editorship of Julian P. Boyd [*SRL* May 27]; the other is the book under review here.

"Jefferson: The Scene of Europe" is the third of the series of Mrs. Kimball's ambitious biography of that statesman. The first volume dealt with Jefferson's youth and formative years; the second was devoted to his role during the American Revolution. The present instalment covers Jefferson's period of service in Europe as American Minister to France on the eve of the French Revolution.

For Jefferson the five years in Europe were rich in experience, observation, and friendship. His travels in France, England, and Germany widened his horizon and deepened his sensibilities, particularly in regard to art, architecture, and invention. Europe, indeed, opened a whole new world to him who described himself ironically as a "savage of the mountains of America." He was profoundly impressed both by Europe's splendors and miseries and he drew lessons from them to be used later in his beloved America.

His curiosity was unsatiable. He observed manners and morals, politics and paintings, farming and engineering—everything that could possibly be applied for the improvement and enrichment of the young American civilization. He bought books and things and also systematically jotted down notes and made sketches of what he saw and heard. Nothing was alien to the protean spirit of this Virginian.

Though critical of European inequality and poverty, Jefferson admired the refined way of living he observed on the Continent and wished Americans could imitate it. He wrote to a friend:

> In the pleasures of the table, they are far before us because with good taste they unite temperance. They do not terminate the most sociable meals by transforming themselves into brutes. I have never yet seen a man drunk in France, even among the lowest of the people. . . . Were I to proceed to tell you how much I enjoy their architecture, sculpture, paintings, music I should want words. It is in these arts they shine. The last of them, particularly, is an enjoyment, the deprivation of which, with us, cannot be calculated. I am almost ready to say, it is the only thing which from my heart I envy them, and which, in spite of all the authority of the Decalogue, I do covet.

Mrs. Kimball has described Jefferson's activities as Minister, his travels, his circle of friends, his single romance, his contact with the French Revolutionists, and his adventures among the arts and artists. The latter chapters are, indeed, the best in the book. The author, at home in the arts, writes about them with lively sympathy.

But the book as a whole is most disappointing. There is no Jefferson in it, only an historic name. Mrs. Kimball is a most scrupulous researcher and a careful recorder of minutiae but she is neither historian nor biographer. The book is a kind of card index of infinite details, arranged chronologically and objectively. Within each chapter there are dates and

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bare statements of fact, followed by long quotations from Jefferson. There is a minimum of interpretation, description, analysis, or insight. The result is that Jefferson—the brilliant mind, the scientist, the conversationalist, the humanist, and revolutionist—never emerges here. What comes out is a one-dimensional figure labeled "Jefferson."

Minutiae help to stifle what spirit there is in this otherwise very honest work. Facts are not sifted and condensed for their significance but ladled out as if each datum or quotation was too valuable to be cut or omitted. Mrs. Kimball, for example, takes the trouble to cite the text of such routine documents as the commission appointing Jefferson Minister ("We reposing special trust and confidence . . . have nominated, constituted, and appointed . . . ," etc., etc.) and the calling card of Grimm ("Frederic Melchior Baron de Grimm, Ministre Plenipotentiare de Saxe Gotha a été pour l'avoir l'honneur de faire son compliment . . . ," etc., etc.).

Jefferson, it must be stated, has not been fortunate in most of his biographers. It seems to this reviewer that the spirit of Jefferson can be caught and appreciated only by those who feel deeply and imaginatively that he was, in his very essence, a radical, a progressive, an innovator. Jefferson was the antithesis of the conservative and genteel spirit.

Mrs. Kimball's devoted work has its own importance. It contains valuable and highly detailed data, which should be of great value to the student of history. It is particularly useful as a work of reference.

Jefferson still awaits his Carl Sandburg. In another thirteen or fourteen years, when the Princeton edition of the Jefferson papers will have been completed, a definitive biographer may be forthcoming. If that should happen, American democracy and the universal spirit of freedom will have cause for rejoicing.

Saul K. Padover, dean of the School of Politics, New School for Social Research, has published a number of books in the field of history, among them four on Jefferson.

Scapegoat of the Second Bull Run

THE CELEBRATED CASE OF FITZ JOHN PORTER: An American Dreyfus Affair. By Otto Eisenschiml. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 344 pp. $3.50.

By Thomas Robson Hay

THE Fitz John Porter case, largely forgotten by all but Civil War students, was constantly in the news for thirty years following the war. It related to the court martial and dismissal from the U. S. Army of General Fitz John Porter, on charges indirectly preferred by General John Pope, for disobedience of orders, particularly one issued on August 29, 1862, during the Second Bull Run campaign. The successful execution of this order, it was claimed, might have saved Pope's army from defeat. Porter's essential defense was that he attempted to execute the order but that the position of the opposing Confederate troops, of which Pope was not informed, made it impossible for him to do so with any chance of success and that, in fact, to have executed the order would have resulted in his own defeat and the possible annihilation of Pope's entire army. There were other charges, but this was the most important. Porter charged that he was convicted by a packed court so chosen as to make its decision a foregone conclusion.

The judge advocate of the court, General Joseph Holt, was accused by Porter of having prepared an untrue and misleading abstract of the proceedings of the trial, which he submitted to President Lincoln for his action. In this abstract Porter was portrayed as guilty of the charges made against him without any conditions. President Lincoln, relying on the fairness of Holt's abstract, approved the findings and sentence of the court. Later he is said to have had some misgivings about the correctness of the verdict and had planned to reopen the case, but his own assassination prevented this. Porter was a friend and supporter of General George B. McClellan, a Democrat who had opposed Lincoln for the Presidency in 1864; the radicals who controlled Congress after Lincoln's death refused to permit a rehearing.

But back of all the charges and countercharges was the bitter conflict that had been going on between the supporters of McClellan, Pope's predecessor, and McClellan's critics. Porter, a McClellan partisan, was chosen to be the victim of the feud and the scapegoat for Pope's defeat. The author does not indicate why Porter rather than someone else was chosen to suffer punishment and degradation.

During the campaign Pope had assured Porter he had no cause of complaint against him but nearly three months later charges were filed and Porter was placed in arrest. Apparently Pope had decided to wait until McClellan, who had been restored to the command in place of Pope, was out of the way before making the charges.

A court of inquiry had been appointed September 5, 1862, to inquire into the general charges made by Pope against several of his subordinate commanders, including Porter, but had adjourned without action. On November 17, 1862, a military commission met to consider the charges but was promptly dissolved. A court martial, appointed November 25, 1862, dismissed Porter from the United States Army in a verdict rendered January 27, 1863. Porter protested and repeatedly asked for a rehearing, but this was denied until 1879. A Board of Officers, appointed by President Hayes, re-examined the case and new evidence and recommended the findings of the court martial be set aside and Porter be restored to his former rank in the Army. Following several acts of Congress and General Grant's "change of heart" and public defense of Porter, that officer was finally recommissioned in the Army in 1886 and placed on the retired list.

The account of this famous case as here presented leaves much to be desired. It is almost entirely from Porter's side and the basis of research seems much too narrow. No attempt is made to discover why General B. S. Roberts rather than Pope himself filed the charges. Nor is any attempt made to determine what influence, friendly or otherwise, was exerted by the several neutral members of the court and whether any attempt was made to mitigate the harsh verdict. There is no bibliography; the footnotes are not numbered and offer little help to the inquiring reader. The subtitle, "An American Dreyfus Affair," is not apt. No racial or religious issues were involved and there were no forged documents, only biased and unbelievable testimony against Porter, which the court apparently did not choose to question. Another similar famous Civil War case, that of General Gouverneur K. Warren, is not mentioned. There are several illustrations, some good maps, and an index.

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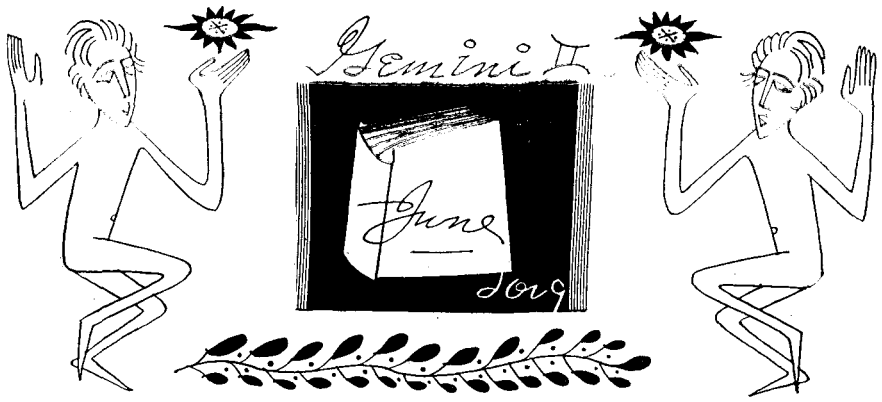

In the Critic's Hammock

IF READERS follow the critics—and *that's* a moot question—it looks as if the proverbial hammocks this summer would be cluttered with copies of "Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther, and "World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren. These two books were the top choices of twenty-seven leading newspaper critics and literary editors scattered throughout the country, who were queried on their choice by *SRL*. Of the twenty-seven a total of ten agreed that Mr. Gunther's sprightly biography of FDR was the most appropriate for "summer reading" in the nonfiction category, and fourteen agreed that there was available no potentially better novel than the latest by the author of "All the King's Men."

"The Town," by Conrad Richter, which won the admiration of twelve reviewers, was second fiction choice. This was followed by "The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler; "Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart; "High Valley," by Charmian Clift and George Johnston, and "The Legacy," by Nevil Shute. This last named won the vote of four critics but it was tied with "Nothing," by Henry Green.

On the more serious side nine critics picked Lloyd Lewis's fine biography, "Captain Sam Grant," with these three next in the order of their popularity: "The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis; "Comes the Comrade!," by Alexandra Orme, and "The Incredible Tale," by Gerald Johnson.

What social or literary significance these lists may have is pretty difficult to discover. The choice of Gunther's book seems obvious and perhaps should be pondered by the political pundits in this election year. As has been pointed out, people are still voting for (and against) FDR.

There are, of course, some people who go vacationward without a new book tucked under their arms, determined this summer to read some classic they have long been meaning to read. (Of course, they won't.) It's interesting to note that at least one reviewer intimates that at long last he is going to read Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" and that when he has finished with this (and a few other so-called classics) he is going to take a crack at "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." We wonder if he was wise-cracking when he ended his list with a book called "Mental Fatigue."

What probably is most needed, if you will pardon the subversive thought, is a list titled "The Books I'm NOT going to read this summer."

W. G. Rogers
The Associated Press

Fiction

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"The Man Dormant," by John Lodwick (Duell).
"Son and Stranger," by David Demarest Lloyd (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Wine of Etna," by Alexander Baron (Ives Washburn).
"The Bitterweed Path," by Thomas Hal Phillips (Rinehart).

General

"Berlioz and the Romantic Century," by Jacques Barzun (Little, Brown).
"Herman Melville," by Newton Arvin (Sloane).
"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).
"The Last Cruise," by Commander William J. Lederer (Sloane).
"The Yankee Exodus," by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan).

J. F. Rothermel
Birmingham News-Age-Herald

Fiction

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart (Whittlesey).
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).
"The Legacy," by Nevil Shute (Morrow).
"High Valley," by Charmian Clift & George Johnston (Bobbs-Merrill).

General

"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).
"Out of the Red," by Red Smith (Knopf).
"The Incredible Tale," by Gerald W. Johnson (Harper).
"The Texas Border and Some Borderliners," by Robert Casey (Bobbs-Merrill).
"War or Peace," by John Foster Dulles (Macmillan).

Alice Dixon Bond
Boston Herald

Fiction

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"Too Little Love," by Robert Henriques (Viking).
"Guests of Don Lorenzo," by Robert Pick (Lippincott).
"Homeward Borne," by Ruth Chatterton (Simon & Schuster).
"The Legacy," by Nevil Shute (Morrow).

General

"The Yankee Exodus," by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan).
"The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"The Marx Brothers," by Kyle Crichton (Doubleday).
"The Incredible Tale," by Gerald W. Johnson (Harper).
"Mink on Weekdays (Ermine on Sunday)," by Felicia Lamport (Houghton Mifflin).

Van Allen Bradley
Chicago Daily News

Fiction

"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"Sanctuary," by William Faulkner (Random).
"As I Lay Dying," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Light in August," by William Faulkner (Random).

General

"Byron: A Self Portrait," edited by Peter Quennell (Scribner's).
"On Being Human," by Ashley Montagu (Schuman).
"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).
"Anatomy of Bibliomania," by Holbrook Jackson (Scribner's).
"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).

Frederic Babcock
Chicago Tribune

Fiction

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"Too Little Love," by Robert Henriques (Viking).
"High Valley," Charmian Clift &

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George Johnston (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).

General

"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).
"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).
"The Little Princesses," by Marion Crawford (Harcourt).
"I Chose Justice," by Victor Kravchenko (Scribner's).
"The Yankee Exodus," by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan).

FREDERICK YEISER
Cincinnati Enquirer

Fiction

"Remembrance of Things Past," Marcel Proust (Random).
"Tale of Genji," by Lady Murasaki (Houghton Mifflin).
"Clarissa Harlowe," by Samuel Richardson (Dutton).
"Human Comedy," by Honore de Balzac (Collier).
"Joseph and His Brothers," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).

General

"The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon, edited by J. B. Bury (Heritage).
"Golden Bough," by Sir James George Frazer (Macmillan).
"A Study of History," by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford).
"The Decline of the West," by Oswald Spengler (Knopf).
"Mental Fatigue," by Max Offner (Warwick & York).

FRANK O'NEILL
Cleveland News

Fiction

"The Wall," by John Hersey (Knopf).
"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson (Simon & Schuster).
"The Survivors," by Hammond Innes (Harper).
"World Without Heroes," by Arthur Fields (Whittlesey).

General

"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).
"The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"Comes the Comrade!," by Alexandra Orme (Morrow).
"The Incredible Tale," by Gerald W. Johnson (Harper).
"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).

ROBERT I. SNAJDR
Cleveland Plain Dealer

Fiction

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).

(*Continued on page 39*)

Belles-Lettres.

The literary sensibility of Virginia Woolf, which was her outstanding characteristic as essayist and critic, plus her innate ability to communicate to her readers her highly personalized emotions, stand out in what probably is the last volume we shall have from her talented pen. In it the late Mrs. Woolf ranges widely, darting forth with those keen exclamations, those sharp images, that were so much a part of Mrs. Woolf's skill and art. Far removed from Bloomsbury and the literary hedgerows through which Mrs. Woolf jumped so nimbly is Arthur Waley's scholarly examination of the work of Po Chü-I (Lo-t'ien to you), the famed Chinese poet who also, it turns out, was a great political scientist in his far-gone day. From ancient Greece—an event that Mrs. Woolf, at least, would appreciate—there comes a new translation of the "Iliad" by Alston Hurd Chase and William G. Perry, Jr.—a translation that our reviewer, himself a Greek scholar of note, finds "perhaps truly great."

Virginia Woolf's Last Comments

THE CAPTAIN'S DEATH BED AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 248 pp. $3.

By BEN RAY REDMAN

MR. LEONARD WOOLF tells us that this will probably prove the last volume that we shall have from the pen of Virginia Woolf and he also tells us that the twenty-odd essays that compose it would, before being committed to a book, "certainly have been revised or rewritten by her, had she lived." One can only speculate as to possible revisions of work already done so carefully. Small stylistic changes at most, it seems, might have been made, for each essay bears the impress of its author's personality, style, and abiding interests—and the invisibly-visible marks of her scrupulous workmanship.

—*Magnum Photos, Inc.*

Virginia Woolf—lanternlike with "capricious, brief illumination."

As usual in her essays, she is as much concerned with literature as with life. Or it might be better to say that she refuses, wisely, to distinguish between the two. Many good writers are but indifferent readers; some, indeed, are proud to admit that they care little for any writing save their own. Mrs. Woolf was not of their tribe. She not only read books of many kinds and centuries with unflagging enjoyment and intelligence: she lived in them, in close, understanding companionship with their authors and characters, and she delighted in bringing to her own readers reports of this book world which endures serenely within a larger world shaken by storm and change and danger. So it is fitting that one of the best things in this last volume should be a comparatively long, brooding, retrospective evocation of a child reading by the library window of an English country house on a summer's day; through many days, indeed, for the child has time for volumes of old letters, for Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Froude and Hakluyt's voyages and English poetry by many poets.

Mrs. Woolf was not a profound critic. Certainly she was not a pretentious one. But she possessed a literary sensibility of a rare order, her emotions as a reader were honestly felt, and she was able to communicate to others the qualities, values, and experiences that she herself found in literature. It was not her way, usually, to see all around an object—or even, perhaps, to see all the way through it. Her views and revelations

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were partial, quick, darting; but more often than not they were brilliant, as full of sudden light, as they were incomplete. In the present volume there are descriptions of two authors, as different as possible from Virginia Woolf, that may help us towards defining her literary character and method. Writing of Gilbert White of Selbourne, she compares him to "a bird seen through a field glass busy in a distant hedge." And of Thomas Hardy she declares: "It was thus, perhaps, that Hardy's mind worked when it was most at its ease, flashing its light fitfully and capriciously like a lantern swinging in a hand, now on a rose-bush, now on a tramp frozen in a hedge." The busy bird, the lantern with its capricious, brief illuminations—these images, it seems to me, may well be used to describe and explain their maker.

Virginia Woolf's last book consists, for the most part, of quick glances at and glimpses of numerous literary and nonliterary objects. With her we glance at Goldsmith's style, pock-marked face, and life. And that busy bird, previously mentioned, Gilbert White. At Turgenev's novels, Ruskin's varied eloquence, and Hardy's work down to the publication of "Tess." She shows us Captain Marryat on his death bed and in his book. She draws for us a portrait of her father, Leslie Stephen, with skill and affectionate understanding. She discusses with us the cinema's possibilities (circa 1926), translates Sickert's paintings into literature, talks of Conrad, describes an imagined flight over London, turns the pages of Parson Woodforde's diary, gives us a governess's glimpse of life as it was lived at Devonshire House and Chatsworth at the end of the eighteenth century, escorts us to the Empire Exhibition at Wembley, pays a visit to her dentist, witnesses an eclipse of the sun, contemplates the lives of working-class women, and argues persuasively for the abolition of book reviewers. In yet another essay, already famous—"Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown"—she blames the Edwardian novelists for giving their Georgian successors no lights to steer by, and she asserts that Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett never looked "at life, never at human nature." In this paper she is, I think, witty, ingenious, and quite wrong. Stand her best characters beside the best of Bennett and Galsworthy and then decide who is better qualified—the Georgian or the Edwardians—to talk of life and human nature in fiction.

But then turn back to what Virginia Woolf could do so perfectly, to her own peculiar art, of which there are three or four fine examples in this final volume.

—*From "The House of Exile."*

Lo-t'ien, Poet, Politician & Scholar

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PO CHÜ-I. By Arthur Waley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 238 *pp.* $3.50.

By Jeremy Ingalls

ARTHUR WALEY has explored more than 3,500 pieces of the verse and prose of Po Chü-i, the poet regularly known as Lo-t'ien. Correlating Po's works with the T'ang dynasty histories and anthologies in this indispensable biography, Waley has also provided the first thorough English study of late-eighth-century and early-ninth-century China. He also includes 100 translations from those of Po's poems not previously available in English.

Lo-t'ien was a tireless recorder of both large and small events in his experience as well as being an indefatigable reviser and arranger of his own writings. These he deposited in Buddhist libraries. His popularity among the Japanese as well as the Chinese insured preservation of his texts even when copies were lost during the persecution of the Buddhists and the great fire in Ch'ang-an.

In Waley's biography of Lo-t'ien the Western political scientist now has a quickly accessible record of the party struggles and "state department" negotiations of the poet's seventy-four years. The social historian is provided with materials on family codes, concubinage, friendships, the attitudes of government officials toward deflation, inflation, public works, conscription, slavery, and the content and purpose of civil-service examinations, as well as evidence of the syncretic process in Confucian, Taoist, and Buddhist thinking already far advanced 300 years before Chu Hsi's "Summa" of Chinese thought.

Lo-t'ien was a complex personality. His strong current of human kindness toward his family and friends and toward the socially and politically oppressed alternates with periods of ostensible indifference. His several rash, righteously indignant political gestures alternate with a wily prudence, which in old age preserved him from the demotions, exiles, and assassinations which swallowed up many of his acquaintance.

Though he flirted with Taoism as a young man and was in old age a convinced Buddhist, his theory of poetry remained strictly Confucian. He valued his didactic and expostulating verses, related to immediate social and political abuses, above his romantic verse narratives and lyric meditations. His versatility was regarded as a weakness by the "new criticism" of later dynasties but the fortunate preservation of almost all his work provides us perspective on a master-craftsman in the flexibilities and formalities of Chinese verse.

Waley's thorough study of the poet, politician, and scholar is well indexed and provided with several appendices, notes, reference tables, and map.

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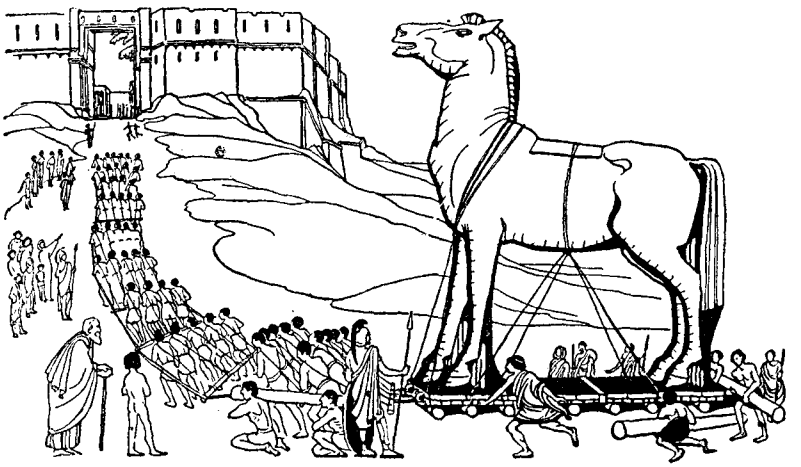
Trojan War Anew

THE ILIAD. Translated by Alston Hurd Chase and William G. Perry, Jr. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown & Co. 470 pp. $5.

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

ALMOST simultaneously with the appearance of this book there came from the Princeton Press the great publication of Troy by America's most distinguished prehistorian, C. W. Blegen. A short time ago A. J. B. Wace, the most distinguished prehistorian of England, produced his great book on Mycenae. Thus three-quarters of a century after Schliemann's epoch-making excavations the cities of Hector, tamer of horses, and of wide-ruling Agamemnon are fittingly described. And the well-informed general reader, who may be somewhat behind the times on the state of the classics, will be glad to hear further that more American undergraduates are studying ancient Greece than ever before in the history of our country.



—From "Builders of the Old World."

In this same year, 1950, W. H. D. Rouse published his first-rate translation of the "Iliad." You can buy it, most fortunately, for 35¢—and yet the cold fact remains that Homer, in painting his enormous setting of space and destiny, involves entire peoples in overwhelming tragedy. What has been needed, therefore, at any reasonable price, is a great translation. This translation by Chase and Perry is, I believe, far more than the best to date; it is perhaps truly great.

Chase and Perry are aware that the "Iliad" moves in bone and muscle and accordingly they have given us a translation that is "colloquial" (Rouse's forte), at least in the sense that they have shunned archaism. But they also know their Greek and have a deep feeling for it and rhythm, and with great wisdom and taste have contrived a prose translation of poetic beauty that captures the passionate, vital dignity of the original. Their success lies partly in the recognition that the greatest poetry rises from the sweep of many lines and thus they have striven to reproduce these longer cadences through the greater rapidity of Homer's peculiar simplicity of speech. One example, from the parting of Hector and Andromache: "When in his passage through the great city he came to the Scaean gates, where he was about to pass through onto the plain, there his richly dowered wife came running to meet him. Andromache, the daughter of great-hearted Eëtion—Eëtion, who dwelt under wooded Placus in Thebe-under-Placus, ruling over the men of Cilicia." Rouse breaks this up, concluding: "Andromache was the daughter of Eëtion, the Cilician King, and her home was in Thebe, below the forest of Placus."

Homer describes neither the beginning nor the end of the Trojan War, but merely seven weeks during its tenth year. So great is his art, however, that he is able to develop three themes, until at the end they are joined in a harmony as the gods themselves enter the battle, and the martial chords rise in a crescendo of slaughter and superhuman strife, which ends abruptly in Hector's death. Chase and Perry believe that the revival of interest in the "Iliad" springs from our refusal to shun any longer, through romanticism or cynicism, the facts of war. They feel that the "Iliad" gives us profound descriptions of the pity and terror, the splendor and the squalor of war and of the nobility and baseness which it calls forth in men and women.

The general plan and structure of the poem, together with other helpful points, are presented in a dozen sensible pages of introduction. I suggest its perusal as one way of settling down to a beautiful and forceful rendering of the world's greatest epic.

From Poe to Welty

THE HOUSE OF FICTION: An Anthology of the Short Story with Commentary. Edited by Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 649 pp. $5.

By William Peden

MISS GORDON'S and Mr. Tate's collection of short stories from Poe and Hawthorne to Eudora Welty and Peter Taylor intends, its editors state, to represent an ample selection of the great writers of the impressionist school—the phrase is from Henry James—, which sets as its goal the rendering of a direct rather than a blurred impression of life. Henry James is the reigning deity of this school; James Joyce and Franz Kafka are its leading prophets. Miss Gordon and Mr. Tate, it need hardly be remarked, are extremely civilized and cultivated reader-critics; their selections, without exception, are distinguished. One might argue, however, for the inclusion of a story by a Sherwood Anderson or an A. E. Coppard in place of, or along with, the works of several more recent writers (this latter section, unquestionably, is the least satisfying of the entire volume).

The editors' analyses and criticisms of individual stories are occasionally irritating, frequently controversial, and always stimulating. Miss Gordon's and Mr. Tate's critical estimates appear to be based largely on the premise that the pronouncements of the master, Henry James, are to be accepted as ultimate truth and that all else be heresy. Further, the editors tend to identify their own critical evaluations with absolute fact and consequently are often unnecessarily dogmatic. Unequivocally, for example, they state that the three greatest stories in the English language are Henry James's "The Beast in the Jungle," James Joyce's "The Dead," and Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat." Hawthorne, they aver, "was never able to bring his craft to the pitch of perfection which Kafka attained"; Frank O'Connor "has not got the same kind of literary conscience" as James Joyce; Hemingway's symbolism is inferior to that of James, Kafka, and Joyce, and so on. As the opinions of two distinguished critics such comments deserve attention and respect, but categorical statements of fact they should not and they cannot be.

In all other respects "House of Fiction" is an admirable book, one of the best, perhaps the best, of several

(Continued on page 26)

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Fiction. *"Too Little Love," Robert Henriques' long novel of the decline and fall of the centuries-old life of the English country gentleman is reminiscent of Galsworthy's Victorian panorama, "The Forsyte Saga," and its final chapter is a brilliant picture of the red tape and illegal subterfuges involved in trying to cling to old customs under a Socialist government. Two of the remaining novels reviewed are stories of epic dimensions. In Neville Shute's "The Legacy," drawn from a story of the war in Sumatra, an English typist becomes the leader of a group of women and children on a long death march to safety; in "Wild Conquest" Peter Abrahams dramatizes the conquest of Africa by the Dutch. There is drama nearer home and on a smaller scale in "The Circle of the Day," by Helen Howe, a single day in the life of a New York woman who discovers on her tenth marriage anniversary that her husband has an illegitimate son.*

The Way the World Wags in England

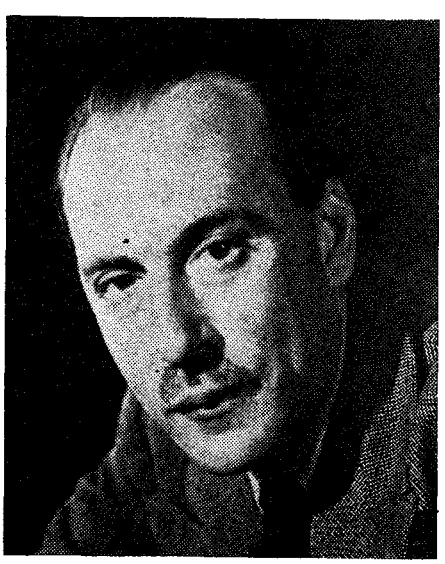
TOO LITTLE LOVE. By Robert Henriques. New York: The Viking Press. 562 pp. $3.75.

By IRIS BARRY

IN THIS substantial and ambitious novel a young English writer shoulders the considerable task of depicting the England of today and of comparing it with the "good old days" of some twenty years ago. To illustrate his theme, he has peopled a relatively extensive scene with many and varied characters—a medley of gentlefolk, yokels, servants, bureaucrats, businessmen—seen in both rural and metropolitan settings. Action ranges from the hunting field and the servants' hall to Government offices and the black market. Seemingly a lament for the past, as well as a fairly bitter criticism of life under the Labor Party, in fact it adds up to something rather different. Fundamentally this book is attempting earnestly and sincerely to examine and interpret the law of life as worked out by the individual man.

A kind of heroic glow suffuses Mr. Henriques' portrait of General Harry Meredith, his typical old-style landowner. The benevolence of this man is shed not only upon his household (wife, son, and nine "indoor" servants, besides grooms, gardeners, etc.) but upon tenant farmers on the estate, cottagers, and conspicuously upon young Geoff, son of the estate's faithful manager, whom he educates and generally treats pretty much as he does his own son, in spite of the quite explicit difference of social status between the lads. But times are tough on paternalistic landowners; the General worries sorely about the future. And well he might. By 1932 he is bankrupt, and after his death it is not long before the great house, park, farms, farmland, and all have been taken over for depressing purposes by the Government. Meantime the General's former footman has become rich and powerful as an operator in the black market.

Massive and at times quite complex as to construction—the events are not always related chronologically; certain motives and actions remain unexplained until long afterwards—"Too Little Love" is written without any particular distinction. It is most effective and eloquent when describing simple scenes and actions, the rural landscape, a wounded partridge in the stubble, the General in his gunroom with two servants helping him out of wet riding clothes and muddy boots. For the rest, the author's main concern is with keeping abreast of and making explicit the progress of his many characters.



—*Walter Bird.*

Robert Henriques—"sentiments at variance with his sense of justice."

Life in postwar England is shown to be anything but idyllic. Standing in queues and filling up endless forms seem to be the main concern of all those people not clever enough to find a way to circumvent the regulations; and a surprising number there are who manage to do so. The most upright of gentlewomen thinks nothing of coaxing extra meat out of her butcher; there are ways of obtaining gasoline; only a fool would expect to engage in chicken farming successfully without access to an illicit supply of grain-stuff, and the old poacher, proud of his new designation as pest-control assistant (and equally proud of his new free teeth), continues happily to poach just as before. At the opposite end of the social scale wealthy men skilfully pull strings that manipulate bureaucrats. Lawlessness is the rule.

Young Geoff, middle-class hero of the tale, finds this revolting when he finally comes back to England three years after war's end. At first his one desire is to leave it again forever. Gradually it dawns upon him, however, that perhaps even under the older dispensation which, in retrospect, now looked so romantic, all was in fact not well. The plight of the poorer cottagers on the General's estate had been miserable, indeed, and no one was much shocked or surprised when the General's young son seduced a sixteen-year-old girl or that the resultant baby was left in neglect and poverty. For that matter, the General himself could be lawless when he chose; he had concealed valuable assets at the time of his bankruptcy. And when these had been handed to Geoff, for his own and another person's benefit, scruples had not in the long run prevented him from profiting thereby. There had been reversals of fortune; but were the men newly come to the top really so much less honorable than the vanishing gentry?

It is the very frank description of the way in which the world wags in England today which gives this novel its particular interest. Its careful contrasts, its searching into moral codes, its examination of consciences combine to give it added weight. And since it cannot be doubted that the author's sentiments are much at variance with his sense of justice, he must be congratulated on having created in this colorful and solid novel a study of the old versus the new which is highly illuminating. If his theme overshadows his characters, it is because each of these seems intended primarily to typify some aspect of the total modern man, who is neither villain nor hero.

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Faith Faces Unfaithfulness

THE CIRCLE OF THE DAY. By Helen Howe. New York: Simon & Schuster. 262 *pp.* $3.

By Elizabeth Janeway

THERE will be some whom "The Circle of the Day" will affect like caramel in the back teeth, but there will be twenty times as many who won't be able to put it down. The action is encompassed by morning-to-evening of Faith Millet's tenth wedding anniversary. Faith is a fashionable young matron with a successful husband, one daughter, a pleasant apartment on Fifty-seventh Street, reliable help, and a slim figure. She awakes to a day which promises to vary from her routine only by a bit more pleasant activity than usual. Her daughter is, perhaps, rather highly strung, her own life less meaningful than she would like to have it, but on the whole she sees herself as the happy child of good fortune. Then a telephone call shatters the picture. What was Faith's husband, Eric, doing in Gramercy Park playing with a little boy who resembles him mightily? Does not his old light-o'-love, Cherry, live near there? Is it his son, the son Faith has not been able to bear him? Is it? Is it? Of course it is. Eric admits it.

But he loves Faith. The little boy, the meeting with Cherry four years before, had been the products of chance. He had seen Cherry in London during the war when he was lonesome, when the bombs were flying, when the certainty of a tomorrow had somewhat faded. He had not known about the child until Cherry's recent arrival in New York. Will not Faith forgive him?

So she goes out searching for a solution to her problem. At the hairdresser's a friend (who must obviously be played by Ilka Chase) advises her to hang on to her husband no matter what. He is well-to-do and socially Faith will be a bore without him. In Grand Central Station, spending an hour between trains with an old friend, Faith hears the opposite. Faith, says the companion of her youth, must not compromise. Let her find again *her* first love, the dashing Freddy just now returned to New York from Indo-China and other romantic spots.

Thesis, anti-thesis. Now comes an opportunity for Faith to behave badly because she is muddled and for Miss Howe's mirror to reflect the political world. At a luncheon at her club Faith refuses to fight against what she does not believe because of a foolish perfectionist idealism. Perhaps this is her low point, though Miss Howe does better here than in the more usual earlier scenes. The club women and speakers are described with some of that wit and perception which the reader has heretofore been expecting from the author in vain. But, alas, Miss Howe cannot let them perform as long as we would like. She crams them back into her bag and turns to pathos.

Faith's deterioration having occupied the morning, her regeneration now takes place throughout the afternoon. Meeting with Freddy, who broke her heart twelve years before, it is a glamorous moment for Faith, with Freddy urging her to fly with him to Paris. But while she has matured Freddy has not. He is unstable and irresponsible and Faith finds, over champagne, that she does not love him any longer. Exit Freddy. Enter Faith's mother-in-law, an old lady dying alone, unloved even by the good son and daughter-in-law, who act toward her with careful devotion. It seems she has turned away from love herself, frozen within herself by her husband's death, refusing to give to others. She is Faith's horrible example.

The day is drawing to a close. Faith must go home to her decision and her fate. But first she makes a pilgrimage to Gramercy Park to see the little boy. He is there (if this were happening to you or me he would have been home with German measles) and he is charming. Faith's heart warms to him in spite of herself. Now there remains only the trip home, and on the way Faith witnesses an accident and is reminded of the brevity of life. And at home there is Eric, reading aloud to the little girl. Why, he must have suffered too, thinks Faith; I love him!

Well, now, it's not as silly as it sounds because it *is* done adroitly. Miss Howe gets over several of her coincidences neatly, her observations on aspects of life in New York among the well-to-do are deft and amusing. But Miss Howe has used it largely to defeat herself. By confining her action to one day, Faith must Learn Something from everyone and everything, and learn it at once; there is no time for her to cogitate, to be mistaken, to experience revelation. And so there is no room for life itself. Miss Howe has controlled her work too completely, she has allowed no give-and-take between creator and creature. As a result her book is sterile.

Possessor's Pity

By George Abbe

THE OWNER of this city has been more than kind,
And tender in his wishes for us all.
I saw him pasting bank notes on the blind,
Hiding the dead-from-hunger behind a wall.

I saw a street car with bumpers of velour
Run over frightened people most considerately:
The bones broke softly, and a velvet sewer
Received the bodies—buried without fee.

I saw the needy naked in department stores
Placed in a bronze globe dewy with perfume
Which whirled them with subdued and pleasant roar
Till they forgot their need of board and room.

I saw the starving sorrowed-for and loved
By a long procession of the richly clad
Who touched thin, dying bodies with their gloves,
Asked for a priest, slowly removed their hats.

The factory owner, compassionate and able,
Saw that the hand torn by the new machine
Was wrapped in linen napkins from his table,
A note sent to the workman's wife who grieved.

The owner of these owners, wherever he was,
Could not be seen, but he was more than good:
On the prone body of each unemployed
He placed a vase of flowers to serve as food.

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Boer Trek

WILD CONQUEST. By Peter Abrahams. New York: Harper & Bros. 309 pp. $3.

By CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN

THE CONQUEST of every wilderness has tremendous similarities. The conquest of the African Southern territory by the Dutch had much of the terror, the color, and the pageantry of the white man's invasion of North America.

Mr. Abrahams has the distinct advantage of having lived for years in the Boer country. Few—if any—critics here can argue with him as to authenticity of his detail and none will wish to regarding the beauty of his writing.

In "Wild Conquest" he tells the story of a small, detached group of landowners whose slaves are freed by an edict which threatens the lives of all whites in the territory. Kasper Jansen, his wife, Anna, his small son, and his brother, Koos, are saved from annihilation by the dignity and justice of an ancient African.

They set out to join the other Boers in the trek to a fairer—and safer—land, a journey fraught with incessant danger, with tremendous hardships, and with heroic action. To this reviewer the author's picture of these courageous if misguided people was more absorbing than that of the almost hysterical, melodramatic natives.

Peter Abrahams—"the story of what we call progress."

The story of the Boers is the story of Anna, who sees her once-tender husband hardened by the savagery which such a life develops. It is the story of Koos, lustful, lawless, and stupid, who revels in brutality. It is the story, too, of gentle Paul, who broods over man's nature and what killing so recklessly will do to it. It is, above all, the story of what we call progress and of the men and women sacrificed to it.

A larger portion of the book is given to the natives, their loving, their war talk, their superstitions and customs.

With Moshesh, king of the Basutos, one agrees that there is too much chest-throwing and eloquence among all the spokesmen of the tribes. Perhaps African natives do speak in this dramatic manner, but pages of it make hard going for the modern reader. Sometimes Mr. Abrahams's natives sound like old Vikings, sometimes like the great speechmakers among the American Indians. Again one catches a flavor of what might have been the speech of the Elizabethan explorers. This probably adds a sense of universality and color to the narrative, but one wearies at times with the constant concern with sex and war couched in such flamboyant terms.

Mr. Abrahams is a sensitive writer. He has a deep sympathy for the sufferings of universal man and a great tenderness towards their aims and their hopes, no matter how foolish they may be. His storytelling ability is unquestioned and the haunting quality of his style bespeaks rare talent.

"Wild Conquest" is a thrilling story, as any good saga of conquest should be. Its well-drawn characters and its exotic setting alone would make it entertaining, but Peter Abrahams's feeling for the tremendous and more delicate nuances of human emotion make it a novel of lasting quality.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 365

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 365 will be found in the next issue.

LA BCN EMLOF EMGE

EC HPCR G DSGPK

LQ EC GTZNLPS

RLQKCW, G HCGE LQ

GE COTS G TCWXYSES

XYGEC. —YNTLGO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 364

Punishment of a miser—to pay the drafts of his heir in his tomb.
—HAWTHORNE.

Malayan Death March

THE LEGACY. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Co. 308 pp. $3.

By KATHLEEN SPROUL

THE MOST thrilling stories of human magnificence are often those enforced on quiet protagonists who never intended to be heroes. That Nevil Shute should encounter such a tale in Sumatra promised well. His former books have marked him a direct-line descendant from those elite among the ancient wandering minstrels who could, from a first quiet sentence, implant irresistible urge to hear a tale.

In its beginning "The Legacy" carries this authority; unfortunately, before the end tale-spinning magic is not enough. For here has been attempted a hybrid creation and the two elements fall apart from an unseemly mid-point divide. The inspiring episode, transplanted from Sumatra to Malaya, is a truly great story, to which by slow, unaccented documentation, Mr. Shute has contributed almost unbearable poignancy and tension. But his own undiluted invention taking over later seems in contrast painfully contrived.

Jean Paget is an unexceptional, pleasant-mannered British girl, working as a typist in Malaya when the Japanese arrive. She delays her own evacuation a fatal few hours to help friends in a neighboring village. That gesture of loyalty precipitates her into a death march of women and children, which lasted for incredible months and nightmare hundreds of miles, as one Japanese officer after another refused responsibility for the group.

Half of the marchers die as the inexorable rhythm of survival of fittest asserts itself and at last their remaining Japanese guard dies, himself bewildered. Jean, accepted leader, wins consent from a Malayan headman for the party to settle in his village and work the neglected paddy fields. Here they find kindness and security until war's end.

The story is told by the elderly solicitor who handles the legacy Jean receives after her return to England. Even with that point-of-view device stretched far too thin, the merciless odyssey is gripping. But Jean herself moves only within the terrible urgency of the tale. She is never really alive on her own because we gain only an unrevealing minimum of her thinking and feeling.

Toward the end of the march the party meets an Australian prisoner

(*Continued on page 26*)

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In Defense of a Writing Career

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following editorial is drawn from the Avery Hopwood Award Address given at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor on June* 1.

A FEW WEEKS ago a journalism senior visited the offices of *The Saturday Review* in New York. He was looking for an editorial job. He was hardly seated when he began to express serious doubts about the career he had selected and for which he had invested so many years of study.

"I like to write," he said. "My idea of heaven is a big back porch in the country overlooking a green valley, where I can squat in front of a typewriter and poke away till the end of time. Next to that I'd like a job on a magazine or in a book-publishing house. But it's no use. Either as a writer or editor the chance of breaking in is so slight that there's hardly any point trying. And I haven't got enough of that folding green paper to endow myself with my own back porch and let the rest of the world go hang."

This was a new twist. Generally, the journalism seniors stride into the *SRL* offices in the spring with more bounce and spirit than the second act of "La Bohême." They may be detoured; they may be diverted; but they won't be discouraged and they won't be dismayed. They know exactly what they want to do and where they want to go. Yet here was a young man regretting that he had ever persuaded himself to make writing a career. He meant it, too. His face couldn't have been more emancipated from enthusiasm than if he had been dreaming of flying to Paris in a Constellation only to wake up and discover that all the time he was in a subway car stalled under the Hudson River in the tubes to Hoboken.

I was anxious to find out more about both the dream and the awakening. Why did he decide to take up journalism in the first place and what suddenly soured him? Why so great a gap between the original vision and the present disillusion?

He answered those questions fully and frankly. For almost two months he had devoted almost every hour of his spare time to visiting magazine and publishing offices, canvassing the possibilities of employment. He had also spoken to a number of prominent authors, soliciting their advice about the glories and perils of free-lance writing.

None of the national magazines wanted him, he said, though he was quite sure that at least a few of them really needed him. And, judging from what he observed, even if he could crack open a spot for himself at *Life* or *Time* or *Newsweek* or *Collier's* or the *Atlantic* or *Harper's*, he wasn't sure that it would be a wise thing to do. No possibility for advancement. The good jobs were all sewed up and would be for years to come. Most of the magazines were edited by a few men, who, despite the ulcers and anxiety neuroses of their calling, would probably live forever. Men like Mr. Luce, Mr. Hibbs, Mr. Weeks, and Mr. Allen quite obviously weren't going to step down—at least not during the second half of the twentieth century, and those on the next echelon were all braced to resist any replacements or reinforcements for perhaps even longer.

On the news magazines the most you could hope for was perhaps breaking out of the open arena of the researchers, where men engage facts like toreadors do bulls, into the well-populated pen of the assistant editors. Here the facts are digested—sometimes passing into the bloodstream of the magazine without leaving a trace. Salaries of the assistant editors are adequate though not spectacular. Above everyone, however, is the iron ceiling of anonymity. One's writing is as shorn of individuality and personality as toothpicks being processed out of a plank of wood. When the mountain labored it at least brought forth a live mouse; here you labor over your typewriter for a week and produce half of a dead overset galley—unsigned, of course.

Newspapers were out of the question, my young friend continued. All right, perhaps, as an opening gambit, just to get it out of your system so you could say you were a newspaperman once. A nice thing to have in your past but not in your future. True, you meet such interesting people, or so they say, but there's not much creative inspiration in the written material or the weekly paycheck. Of course, my friend said, it is a different proposition if you are lucky enough to become a syndicated columnist, conjuring up your own assignments in various corners of the world. But it's obvious, he said, that heavy-pay jobs such as this are all filled.

WHAT my friend wanted most of all to do, of course, was to write a novel. He had spoken to a number of prominent writers and had made something of a survey of the creative-writing field—all of which had convinced him that the way was practically barred to all but a few fortunate newcomers. He then proceeded to give me the results of his investigation, which showed that Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," for example, had been rejected by a large number of publishers. And Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." And Gertrude Diament's "Days of Ophelia." And Mildred Jordan's "One Red Rose Forever," spurned by twenty-two. And Mika Waltari's "The Egyptian," ignored by eleven.

Let us suppose, he said, that a young author sending in his first manuscript relied on a single publisher's judgment. Suppose he received a rejection slip the first time out. Wouldn't he be justified in thinking that the publisher knew more about writing than he did; and gave up his writing career right then and there? But even if he preserved his confidence in his own work, submitting his book to publisher after publisher, what was he to do if he received rejection slips from them all? Does anyone know how many Norman Mailers or Betty Smiths there might be whose manuscripts were turned down by all the publishers?

Putting all this together, the journalism senior concluded that he had made a serious error six years earlier when he had decided, on the basis of his editorship of the high-school paper, that he had a natural talent for a professional career as writer.

It was a bleak picture, I admitted, but an incomplete one. There were some facts worth considering which justified the choice of writing or editing as a career for anyone with a reasonable amount of talent. I agreed it's a difficult field to break into, but then again, what profession isn't?

In talking to him about the maga-

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zine and publishing offices he had canvassed, for example, it became apparent that he had failed to apply any imagination to the problem before him. All he had done was to write for an appointment with a key person and then go in to present his credentials.

"What else was there to do?" he asked.

One thing he might have done, I replied, was to recognize that he had arranged a dead-end tour for himself. There was no reason to believe that his own cold application for employment would stand out in bold relief above the hundreds upon hundreds of other applications—all of them from qualified young people. A job applicant ought to know the history of that publication, a great deal about its format and editorial content, something about the particular audience it is trying to reach and what the problems seem to be in reaching it.

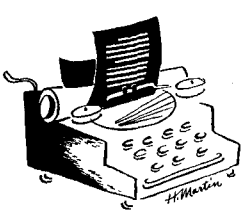
All this is pay-dirt knowledge. It's not easy to come by, but it's worth trying to get, for it can give an applicant a toe-hold on an interview. Most good jobs don't open up; they are created. You create a job by presenting not only yourself but an idea that can fit into an editorial formula, an idea that reveals your own knowledge of the publication and your understanding of its audience and its needs.

Next, for the newspaper business. First of all, let's modify the Hollywood stereotype somewhat. It isn't true that every newspaperman is comprehensively slouched—slouched hat, slouched shoulders, slouched smile, and slouched psyche. I've met some hard-bitten cynics among newspapermen, to be sure, but I've also met them in politics or teaching, for that matter. And I've met many newspapermen who take their profession seriously, give it the best they've got, are affirmative, idealistic, progressive. The pay doesn't begin to compare with that, say, of the corporation lawyer, but I've known a number of newspapermen who did fairly well by their families by using their spare time to good advantage in free-lance writing. Offhand, I know of at least six newspapermen now writing novels and perhaps three more writing nonfiction books, and, despite the high mortality of unsolicited manuscripts, I'd be willing to bet that the majority of them will have their works accepted and published.

This brings us to the final problem surveyed by my journalism-senior friend—in particular, writing a new book and getting it published. I can agree with him readily that the orphan of the publishing industry is the unsolicited - manuscript department. I believe it to be a fact that no branch of a publisher's organization is as understaffed—qualitatively as well as quantitatively—as the unsolicited-manuscript department. The pay for first readers in many houses isn't much higher than for bookkeeper assistants or even for shipping clerks. Some publishers spend thousands of dollars in sending their editors on a tour around America, beating the brush for concealed literary talent, but are reluctant to spend more than a few dollars to appraise fully and competently such talent as may be found in their own mailbags. It has occasionally happened that an editor on tour will make the discovery of an exciting new manuscript which only the week before had been routinely shipped back with a form letter by his own firm. One publisher, on the occasion of the firm's anniversary, blandly announced in an advertisement that with only a single exception he had never accepted an unsolicited manuscript. It would have been interesting to get a box-score on some of the important books that he happened to miss.

I am not completely unaware of the publisher's problem. When hundreds of book-length manuscripts are received each week—many of them looking more like tied-up bundles of leftover leaves from last fall—it would put a publisher out of business if he had to maintain a highly qualified staff of readers who gave thorough consideration to every single manuscript. What has happened is that a sort of literary Gresham's Law has been in operation for many years, the bad manuscripts driving out the good.

At one time, the biggest joy in a publisher's life was represented by the thrill of discovery in chancing across an unsolicited manuscript that heralded a new talent. But that was back in the days when a publisher's mail could fit on top of his own desk instead of requiring something in the order of a coal bin, as happens today. And that was before so much of the publisher's time was taken up with arrangements for reprint rights, motion-picture negotiations, correspondence with book stores, and other business matters — to say nothing of the care and spoon-feeding of authors.



Some publishers have long since recognized this problem and their own responsibility in meeting it. In most cases, they have worked out something of a triple-platoon system whereby the first shock wave of manuscripts is absorbed by a corps of readers who have authority to reject only the blatantly inadequate. All the others are passed along to somewhat more specialized readers, who make no final decisions themselves but who winnow out the worth-while books for the editors, who constitute the third platoon. It is an expensive system, if done by competent and well-paid people all along the line, but it does succeed in filtering out, in many cases, the really deserving books, which, so far as the general public is concerned, would seem to be the main function of book publishing.

MEANWHILE the first novelist would do well to stay out of the bottomless pit that is the unsolicited-manuscript department. That is, to stay out if he can. At the very least, no manuscript ought to be submitted without the benefit of an advance letter to the publisher attempting to establish some contact on a responsible level and seeking some genuine expression of interest. The reply to such a letter is not, of course, conclusive, but its tone and responsiveness may serve as a guide. It is sound policy, moreover, to write to firms whose lists over the years reveal no prejudice against beginners.

It would be even better, of course, if the young novelist were able to obtain the backing of a recognized third party—perhaps a book reviewer or a teacher or another author who might be sufficiently interested to recommend a particular manuscript to a publisher. Strategically, this puts the young author in the happy position—if the plan works—of being courted. Of all the consummations in a writer's heaven most devoutly to be wished, none can quite compare with the postal ecstasy of opening a letter from an established publisher which begins: "Dear Mr. Smith: It has come to my attention that you have just written a book . . . ," etc., etc.

Perhaps the most meaningful and fruitful way of all to fashion a key to the literary kingdom is through such writing and study units as exist at the University of Michigan, Cornell, the University of Alabama, and Stanford—though I doubt that there are more than a dozen really first-rate writing courses at the university level in the country. The men and women who head these workshops are known and respected in the publishing offices and are constantly pursued by publishers for promising names. These magistrates of writing talent have built up over the years a position of respect and importance.

Finally, there are the various literary awards, of which the Avery Hopwood Awards in creative writing

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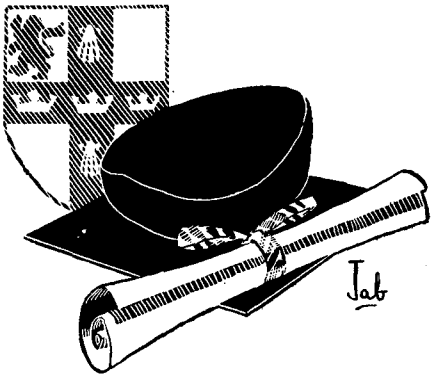

occupy such an important place. There are fifty-three local, regional, and national writing prizes and distinctions of one sort or another—many of which lead to publication. The value of these contests, however, is represented not only by the prizes themselves, but by the fact that a manuscript generally receives a much more careful and competent reading than in the ordinary course of submission through the unsolicited-manuscript channels. Leading national publishers, such as Harper or Dodd, Mead or Houghton Mifflin or Farrar, Straus, accept many manuscripts for publication out of their prize-contest hoppers in addition to the winners.

All in all, I told my young friend that anyone with ability who selects writing as a career today need not fear that all the doors are shut or that once inside there is no place to go. The difficulties are real but they are not insuperable so long as there is a reasonable degree of familiarity with what not to do and a fair amount of ingenuity in pursuing alternatives.

Writing as a career is a good life and a rewarding one. It represents a continuing challenge. Each writing project is like a difficult battle, requiring a skilled combination of strategy and tactics to accomplish a specific objective. It demands a mobilization of concentration—and concentration is or should be one of the higher gifts of human mental activity. It is the most agonizingly difficult work at times but, as John Mason Brown recently said about creative writing, it is the sweetest agony known to man. This is the one fatigue that produces inspiration, an exhaustion that exhilarates. Double-teaming the faculties of imagination and reasoning and keeping them coordinated and balanced is a tiring process, but you've got something to show for your efforts if you succeed. I suppose that was why Socrates liked to refer to himself as a literary midwife—someone who helped to bring ideas to birth out of laboring minds. As a master of cerebral obstetrics, Socrates also knew and respected the conditions necessary for the conception of ideas and recognizing the need for a proper period of germinating reflection.

With all these delights of the creative process it may seem extraneous and crass to mention the tangible inducements, but it may be said for the record that some people in the writing profession eat very well. Some authors even make as much money as their publishers, and a few of them a great deal more. True, there is a sort of Law of the Dominant Fraction these days by which the Government can obtain the larger part but retention of capital has always been the prime problem of authors anyway, with or without respect to taxes. A not-inconsiderable advantage is also afforded by the fact that this is one profession in which one can take a trip to Paris or Switzerland or the Riviera or the Antarctic, for that matter, for the purpose of obtaining material and vital repose for one's next book and be able to charge all the costs of this soul-stretching safari up to deductible business expenses.

Apart from all these reasons—biological, philosophical, materialistic—in favor of a writing career, there is yet another reason as significant as it is compelling. That prime reason is that there is great need in America today for new writers. I am not thinking here of a technical shortage of supply, for production is still several light years ahead of consumption. The need for new writers I am thinking of has to do with the type of book and voice America is hungering for today. That type of book will not be afraid to deal with great themes and great ideas. It will not be afraid to concern itself with the larger visions of which man in general and America in particular are capable, for America today is living far under its moral capacity as a nation. It will not be afraid to break away from the so-called hard-boiled school of writing which has made a counterfeit of realism precisely because it ignores the more meaningful aspects of life.

This need of which I speak has come about because too many writers have been writing out of their egos instead of their consciences; because too many of them have been preoccupied with human neuroses to the virtual exclusion of human nobility; because too many of them, in their desire to avoid sentimentality, have divorced themselves from honest sentiment and honest emotion. Indeed, we have been passing through what later historians may regard as the Dry-Eyed Period of American Literature. Beneath the hard and shiny surface of the school of the super-sophisticated there is no blood or bones, merely a slice of life too thin to have meaning. Instead of reaching for the grand themes that can give literature the epic quality it deserves, too many writers have been trying to cut the novel down to the size of psychiatric case histories.

Beyond this is the need for writers who can restore to writing its powerful tradition of leadership in crisis. Most of the great tests in human history have produced great writers who acknowledged a special responsibility to their times. They defined the issues, recognized the values at stake, and dramatized the nature of the challenge. Today, in the absence of vital moral leadership on the official world level, it is more important than ever that writers see themselves as representatives of the human community. For the central issue facing the world today is not the state of this nation or that nation, but the condition of man. That higher level today needs its champions as it never did before. There is no more essential and nobler task for writers—established writers, new writers, aspiring writers—than to regard themselves as spokesmen for human destiny. —N. C.

Schopenhauer's Poodle

By Edith Orr

ABROAD my place is at my master's heel
These shapes avoiding, though I know not why,
So fair and so like his they are I feel
My tail go wagging as they flicker by.
Laugh they and talk together, but to us
Speak not nor venture, humbly giving place
To him who honors them, being honored thus
Enough no doubt for merit, scant for grace.
Sometimes to me as by the hearth I drowse
Lull'd by the roll of wheels and crack of whips
These shapes return; there in my master's house
He hails them friends, a smile upon his lips.
Flesh at his will as dreams they fade, for he
Who made this world needs none to love but me.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Commissars of Loyalty"

SIR: Although Dixon Wecter in his "Commissars of Loyalty" [*SRL* May 13] made painfully clear the role of the Hearst press in the recent University of California loyalty oath issue, he curiously neglected to report that other newspapers—notably *The San Francisco Chronicle*—fought vigorously on the other side.

The result of this neglect is that all the press is condemned through the same guilt by association which worries Mr. Wecter. This, of course, is just so much more ammunition for those who deliberately impugn the prestige of the press so they may destroy its freedom and thus the freedom of all of us. And thereby achieve the kind of slave state which Mr. Wecter obviously abhors.

J. BEN LIEBERMAN.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I have been a teacher in the public schools all my life. Why is it that schoolteachers or college professors object to taking an oath of loyalty to the United States? I really do not understand it.

Do they feel that such an oath limits their freedom? But does not the marriage vow, the joining of a church, even a business contract limit a person's freedom? It ought to.

When a teacher refuses to take an oath of loyalty to the United States the ordinary citizen is inclined to think he does not intend to be loyal. So also when a man refuses to tell whether he is a Communist or not the citizen may think he is one.

Is it wise to have children taught by those who do not love their country?

MARTHA CLAY.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR: Dixon Wecter's "Commissars of Loyalty" is courageous, forceful, and factually unassailable. A former university professor and now a retired university president, I visualize clearly the issues involving both professor and executive. The former would lose caste and conscience if he did not fight strenuously for freedom of speech where no disloyalty to the Government is evident, and the latter would lose influence and position if he were not tactful enough to act as buffer between regents and faculty.

In these parlous times when the Communist scare so easily can lead from tension to hysteria the president of a large university must have the agile balance of a tight-rope walker. Robert Gordon Sproul has occupied an unenviable position at the University of California these past months, and for his skilful way of driving tandem I offer unstinted praise.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

The Smell of Smoke

SIR: May I add my word of appreciation and respect for your "Subversion in the Senate" [*SRL* May 13]—the more so because too many of our newspapers seem to be going along with McCarthy's slanders. They play up his reckless charges and give them a much wider currency than they deserve. Newspapers seem to be operating on the dubious principle that smoke connotes fire, forgetting what Elmer Davis well said: that smoke in Washington may not have fire behind it but that the McCarthy "smoke manufacturers" always manage to produce a smell.

Your editorial and Dixon Wecter's aptly titled "Commissars of Loyalty" are healthy antidotes to McCarthyism.

CARLTON F. WELLS.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Tea-hees & Tradition

SIR: We poor Canadians are really on a spot! Most of the time you ignore our existence as your most useful and most docile neighbor and ally. That does something to our collective ego and it once prompted a perceptive American journalist to title his book "Canada, the Unknown Country." But when your authors do bestow a glance in our direction the result is often much worse than the silent treatment to which we have become accustomed.

Take from Horace Sutton's "Footloose in Canada" the sample you recently published in your BOOKED FOR TRAVEL section [May 20]. There is no complaint about the touristy parts of it. I suppose we are at some times and in some places both quaint and picturesque. But why should the political information be twenty-five years behind the times? "Canada," says Mr. Sutton rather patronizingly and quite inaccurately, "is independent with reservations, dependent with modifications. Slowly it is assuming a lukewarm nationalism of its own."

One would really like to know what practical reservations there are to Canada's independence. As for Canada's nationalism, it has been there for a long time, but possibly because it is of the nonflamboyant variety it failed to impress Mr. Sutton.

Then why be cantankerous because we have some British traits? What's wrong with "a propensity for tea"? At least we know how to brew the stuff, which is more than most Americans can say. We even show our ambivalent dexterity by making passable coffee, too, and that, of course, is more than the British can do.

Finally, let me assure Mr. Sutton that Canadians do not sing "God Save the King" "out of hidebound tradition." The other day I addressed the Atlanta Civitans and before I was let loose on them the gathering rose and sang a verse of "America." It never struck me that they did so out of "hidebound tradition" either. Maybe the King (of Canada), and his subjects, too, need God to save them from books of this kind.

FELIX WALTER.

Atlanta, Ga.

SIR: Canada is still part of the Commonwealth of Nations, and like any family member it has certain family responsibilities. Unlike India, which is a republic, Canada still has a Governor General, who as representative of King George VI must give royal assent to bills passed in the Canadian Parliament. It was only late last year, not twenty-five years ago, that Canada obtained the privilege of amending its own constitution. "Footloose in Canada" reports the Dominion's nationalism as "lukewarm" because for every fervent nationalist I met another Canadian who favored annexation to the United States. Canada's teaward inclination would appear as a mere objective report to anyone who wasn't hypersensitive about British influence.

HORACE SUTTON.

New York, N. Y.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 21)

of war who steals supplies to help them and is finally crucified by a Japanese commander for this pilfering. (There is some curious Japanese psychology involved here, about which Mr. Shute may or may not be accurate.) It is this thread that leads Jean, after the legacy, to Australia.

And here the step-by-step detailing of her determined sentimental journey, including ice-cream sodas, loses all resemblance to the other breathless trek and becomes tedious travelogue. According to the jacket blurb, here is "the stirring appeal of men and women who dare to build while others are accepting defeat." But, sadly, Mr. Shute's own appeal seems quite unstirringly fabricated. With Jean's lack of dimension increasingly apparent, and an alarming coyness added, her easy achievements are merely items ticked off to delay the curtain a conventional interval.

It is hard to understand why Mr. Shute threw away, in favor of contrived romance, his chance to expand into further magnificence that epic march of the women and children. Possibly here is a clue to what separates the storyteller, no matter how skilled, from the novelist. There were two kinds of minstrels: Mr. Shute's ancestors may have been the ballad-singers, who could, it is true, hold their audiences spellbound for a time. But the spell of the epic-singers has lasted much longer, because they had a further skill: they left us to resolve for ourselves some of the puzzles they proposed concerning the relationship of gods and heroes to men.

Fiction Notes

SAW-GE-MAH, by Louis J. Gariepy. Northland Press, Minneapolis. $3. It was Gordon Adams's desire "to be one of the crowd, without difference, without imagination, without originality, [which] drove him to make his son a mill hand—to make him ordinary." But young Hal Adams's dream to become a doctor could not be killed, not by his father's stubborn opposition nor by the cruel and adverse forces which blocked his path at every turning. He survives crisis after crisis, at times aided by friends and family, often by dint of his own sheer determination, quite often by assists from the author. Dr. Hal Adams's story is that of a man who lives a hard, full, and ultimately successful life and for the most part it is an interesting and exciting if not always believable one. Readers who remember the citizens of Zenith, USA, will recognize familiar faces.

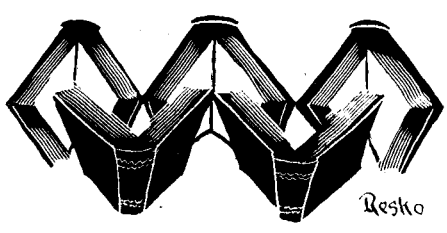
Dr. Gariepy is an eminent surgeon, author of several scientific volumes on specialized surgery, a researcher into Ottawa Indian lore, and "has been a driving force for the advancement of the social and economic status of the American Indian." "Saw-Ge-Mah" is intended both as a case history designed to deter or inspire those who will seek a career in medicine and as a tribute to the country doctor.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

LET GO OF YESTERDAY, by Howard Breslin. Whittlesey House. $3. Harold Breslin's second novel is a gentle celebration of the life of a pleasantly imagined Irish-American family in the New York of the Twenties and Thirties. The slight story—actually no more than a series of vignettes about daily life in the Callan household—is strung upon the reveries of Larry Callan, the younger son, as he waits in a hospital where his mother lies dying. Mostly through his eyes we view the various members of his family as they lived through the two decades preceding World War II. We witness the death of the older folks and the growing up of the younger. And we see the changing family fortunes, which fluctuate in a narrow range, never quite reaching the security of the established middle class, nor quite sinking to the desperate level of real poverty.

Through the use of a pleasantly muted prose style Mr. Breslin achieves a nostalgic quality that is momentarily persuasive. Unfortunately, the effect does not last. The lovingly presented characters never become more than "characters," stereotypes of the traditional virtues. They are gentle and kind, wisely understanding, tolerant, and quietly noble. They remain so, their lives substantially untouched by the historical currents which move outside the sheltering circle of the family. True, the author provides a backdrop of historical references—the stock-market crash, the Depression, Roosevelt, the oncoming World War II. But these are mere gestures, conscientious but unsuccessful attempts to persuade the reader that these dear hearts and gentle people actually existed.

—EDWARD FITZGERALD.



BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 18)

similar recently published anthologies, all of which are directly or indirectly indebted to the pioneer work of Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren, "Understanding Fiction." In addition to their analyses of individual stories, Miss Gordon and Mr. Tate have included a series of perceptive comments on the art of fiction in general. These discussions of such subjects as point of view or tonal unity are excellent; they say, with brevity and clarity, a good many things of real value to the discriminating reader or apprentice writer. As such, although "House of Fiction" is designed primarily for the university classroom, the volume is one to be enjoyed by any reader who respects integrity and artistry in the field of short fiction.

Belles-Lettres Notes

TOKEFIELD PAPERS OLD AND NEW, by Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday. $3. Whether old or new, the brief, informal essays in this collection are all of a piece. "A mixed bag of chit-chat" is what their author calls them. Unfortunately, that is exactly what they are. He explores such topics as "The Duty of Being Agreeable," "On Giving Way to Things," and "Life at Forty," and although the pieces are "familiar essays" (technically) they are so familiar with ideas that have been chatted about too often already—in trains, over back-fences, on party-line telephones, etc.—that a pall of banality hangs over them. They are, besides, distinctly fuddy-duddy. If the familiar essay is dead—as is sometimes announced—here is all the proof one needs.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

SCHILLER, by H. B. Garland. Medill McBride, New York. $3.75. Dr. Garland's intention, according to his preface, was to "portray Schiller as a credible person, not the carefully posed statuesque figure which too often does duty for him." Though his study offers little new material, he has succeeded in his plan very well. He is particularly convincing in dealing with the unending struggles of Schiller's youth and in the astute appraisal of the poet's initially problematic friendship with Goethe. Dr. Garland's presentation of Schiller's works is both literary and historical. He shows Schiller against the background of the ideas of his times and

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gives an excellent picture of the intellectual trends that challenged and influenced him. Divorced from the time of their appearance, Schiller's famed verse dramas suffer, no doubt, from a certain amount of rhetoric and the outspokenness of their author's idealism. But it is too often forgotten that he died at the age of forty-six and that his failing health in the later part of his life, together with his nearly endless financial troubles, could not but impair the full development of his gifts. Yet he never grew bitter. Dr. Garland's study does not try to peer into Schiller's mind; wherever he interprets him as a person he does so on the strength of his writings and letters. Very well written and arranged to be read easily even by the uninitiated, this book should be a welcome addition to the narrow shelf of recent studies of German literature.

—Robert Pick.

THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS, by Perry Miller. Harvard University Press. $6.50. Perry Miller has skilfully edited the articles, essays, poems, and addresses of the New England transcendentalists, who roused such a vital tempest in the Boston teacup in the romantic 1830's. In compiling this anthology Mr. Miller has arranged the material to give a clear view of the early beginnings of the transcendentalist group, their flowering, and their disintegration. Emerson and Thoreau take a backseat in terms of space in order to give the other figures an opportunity to be heard. Some editorial cutting was necessary and welcome, in view of the fact that brevity was not a transcendental virtue. Hitherto unpublished material like the sermon by George Ripley and portions of the Bronson Alcott journals is included in this collection, which also does a discerning job of representing the influence of the English and German romantics and the political and social efforts of the transcendentalists.

Mr. Miller warns against either minimizing or exaggerating the importance of the transcendentalist group. Their attempts at social reform were disorganized and ineffectual; their political and literary views were divergent and confused. The one ground of common agreement was the parochial issue on which they hewed to a line of stricter Puritanism than the Unitarianism of their fathers, against whom they were rebelling. The introduction and editorial notes provide an adequate historical backdrop to the selections and make an interesting and convincing case for the importance of the parochial issue to the transcendentalists.

—Siegfried Mandel.

Is the female criminal deadlier than the male?

Yes! *Says* **OTTO POLLAK**

in this bold and shocking expose of female crime

THE CRIMINALITY OF WOMEN

BY OTTO POLLAK

Assistant Professor of Sociology, University of Pennsylvania

A STARTLING REVELATION OF FEMALE CRIME

Shattering the age-old theory that women are less criminal than men, Dr. Pollak reveals how the masked quality of female crime shields them from detection and punishment.

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Seeing Things

FINDERS KEEPERS, LOSERS WEEPERS

ALTHOUGH I am looking at the announcement I cannot believe my eyes. It comes from a recently formed publishing house called New Fathoms Press, Ltd. "Here!" it proclaims, "The Publication Sensation of Our Time! THE LOST PLAYS OF EUGENE O'NEILL* — The first works of the Dean of American Playwrights — Never Before in Print! Four One-Act Plays and One Three-Act Play. First edition—$3.00."

I have read these plays. I have read Lawrence Gellert's introduction to them, too. And my eyes remain unbelieving. Certainly in no sense of the word can these early efforts by O'Neill be described as *lost* plays. That is, unless a lost play is one which just happens to have come into the public domain; in other words, a play which has been deposited in typescript for its author's protection at the Library of Congress and which, twenty-eight years later (our laws being what they are), has become everybody's property because of an unrenewed copyright.

Mr. Gellert and his publishers however, appear to have their own notions not only as to what is *lost* but as to what are ethics and taste. Although the public domain seems to be their idea of a cache, they are not frank enough to mention it or the within-the-law means by which they have been enabled to publish plays Mr. O'Neill did not want to have published.

Without actually saying so Mr. Gellert creates the impression that the plays he has appropriated are treasures he stumbled upon in a forgotten trunk. He retells in his own words what Susan Glaspell said when she learned in 1916 that a young man had come to the Wharf Theatre in Provincetown with a trunkful of plays. "We don't need a trunkful," exclaimed Miss Glaspell, "but if he's got one good play bring him around." The script he brought was "Bound East for Cardiff."

"Other O'Neill productions," writes Mr. Gellert, "quickly followed. Remaining manuscripts—the very bottom layer of the 'trunkful' lay hidden away through the years. And here they are, brought to light at last, exactly as they were originally written and tossed into that magical trunk almost four decades ago."

To put it mildly, this is a whimsy — legal or illegal. Moreover it raises its moral questions. Most people, if they should happen to find in a trunk some manuscripts by a living author, would feel conscience-bound to return them to the author in question. They would regard them as the writer's property, not theirs. Certainly they would not be tempted to behave on the dubious principle of "finders keepers, losers weepers." If they did subscribe to such a code and did feel guiltless in hotfooting their way to a publisher instead of to the writer's doorstep, in their triumph they would probably describe the place where they found the trunk and even name its owner.

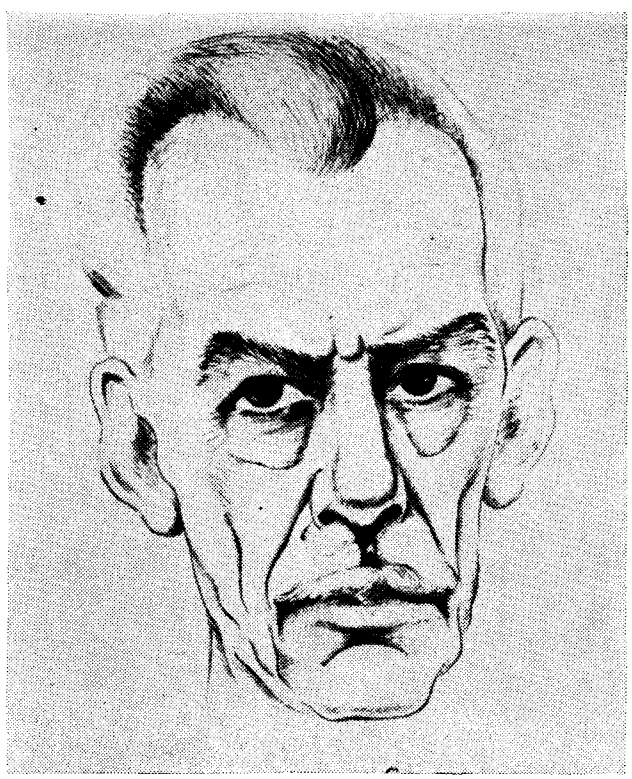
As I have hinted, Mr. Gellert is only indulging in a whimsy when he refers to O'Neill's "magical trunk" and implies that Mr. O'Neill gave him access to it. He is being no less whimsical when he would have us believe it was in this trunk, rather than in the Library of Congress, that these fledgling O'Neill scripts have been hidden away all these years. But Mr. Gellert seems to be as partial to whimsicality in explaining the facts of how he came into possession of these plays as he is in stating his opinions of them.

"We are not, like latecomers to a rich banquet, gathering left-overs from the table," says he. "Rather, we enjoy from the vantage point of the plays here presented an Alice in Wonderland-like serving of the hors d'ouvres [sic], the first course on the menu, last." Few statements could be more pixilated and involved or less likely to merit copyright.

DURING the course of his other murky paragraphs Mr. Gellert does achieve a welcome moment of candor. He writes, "I would not wish it implied that in my critical judgment I consider the plays in this volume masterpieces." Nonetheless he insists that "within certain limitations, in invention, power of execution, and psychological intensity, . . . [they] are truly startling." Warming up to his job as barker, he goes even further. He salutes "the uncovering of this important group of O'Neill 'firsts'" as "an outstanding publishing event"; an event which he would have us believe adds "to the rich store of our theatre repertoire."

Mr. O'Neill, who only wrote these plays, is of a different opinion. He has described them as being "wretched" and "worthless." That is why he never published them himself and was anxious to avoid having them printed now.

A man of Mr. O'Neill's importance is condemned to having students interested in everything he ever wrote. This is a penalty he must pay for his pre-eminence. Not unnaturally, however, he wishes to be judged by his best work rather than his worst, and to defend the mature dramatist from the scribblings of the immature one. His attitude towards his early efforts was long ago made clear by his refusal to permit subsequent printings of the one-acts which, in a moment of youthful rashness, he once brought together in a volume called "Thirst." Un-



—*Mai-mai Sze.*

Eugene O'Neill—"an ugly business."

LOST PLAYS OF EUGENE O'NEILL. Introduction by Lawrence Gellert. New York: New Fathoms Press, Ltd. 156 *pp.* $3.

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til Mr. Gellert and his publishers took advantage of the copyright laws to issue the four short dramas and one long one under the deceptive title of "Lost Plays," "Thirst" was the only published sample of Mr. O'Neill's initial attempts at playwriting.

The five one-acts in the "Thirst" collection, as is well known, were written before Mr. O'Neill went to Harvard to study with Professor Baker. The book was released in 1914 and paid for by James O'Neill, the dramatist's actor father. When its author had outgrown it (which he did within the next two years) he regretted its publication. Anyone doubting this has only to turn to Ralph Sanborn's and Barrett H. Clark's invaluable "Bibliography of the Works of Eugene O'Neill." There the following entry can be read: "These are the first published plays by the author. . . . The author insists that they never will be reprinted with his permission. Only one edition [consisting of 1,000 copies] was printed and the type subsequently distributed."

In the same "Bibliography" can be found some of the poems — more accurately the jingles — Mr. O'Neill had contributed as a columnist to the *New London Telegraph* at an even earlier period. Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Clark say frankly that he was "extremely reluctant to have them reprinted." The point is that Mr. O'Neill's permission was sought — and granted. The compilers did not pretend to have discovered a volume of poetry which would be "the publication sensation of our time." Quite rightly, they took pains to point out that the verses they had resurrected were "strictly outside the canon. They belong here as integral parts of a whole, that whole being the writings of Eugene O'Neill."

The poems, regardless of how bad they are, do possess a certain macabre value for literary snoopers hoping to track down the thoughts and feelings of the young O'Neill and the influences to which he was subject. Moreover, they indicate that from the outset he had no real aptitude for poetry. The "Thirst" collection makes its more significant revelations. Its five short plays are grim guignols, so resolutely unpromising that, considering the heights to which their author was to rise, they should encourage the most discouraged of beginners.

To be sure, it is fun — and perhaps valuable historically — to search them for whatever clues they may provide to the latter-day O'Neill. It is interesting to trace in them the authors he was reading and to note his exploration of raw emotions. It

is also interesting to sense how savage was his preoccupation with the sordid and the unpleasant; to discover how strong, if not automatic, was the cynicism he had to outgrow before he could rise to his ultimate understanding of the tragic, and to observe how, even in these early melodramas, his characters were already pitted against outside and impersonal agencies greater than themselves.

If the one-acts in the "Thirst" volume could claim an undeniable, if special, interest, the scripts reprinted in Mr. Gellert's volume make this same bid for attention, though to a lesser degree. Notable, sensational, distinguished, or good these "Lost Plays" most definitely are not. If anything, they are worse than the trial efforts Mr. O'Neill chose himself to print. The concluding drama in the volume is "A Wife for a Life," written as far back as 1913. It is a preposterous and talentless script about two gold prospectors in love with the same woman. It was composed with the needs of vaudeville in mind and Mr. O'Neill himself has dismissed it as the worst thing he ever did.

The long play, "Servitude," is an improbable and artificial study of two husbands and wives who, in ways silly and sentimental, at last rediscover their marital happiness. It is dated 1914. So is "The Movie Man," a would-be comedy about a Hollywood director's attempts to have a revolutionary Mexican general killed in order to make an exciting motion picture. "Abortion," perhaps the least bad play in the volume, was written in the same year. It is a tragedy concerned with a college baseball hero who has his reasons for committing suicide at the very moment the student body is cheering him outside his window as a jolly good fellow.

I must admit I read these so-called lost plays of O'Neill with a certain

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curiosity. They are such apprentice work as any young writer might be guilty of. But had I not known they were by O'Neill, I would never have finished the volume. Their every page explains why he did not choose to have them printed. Their only value is historical, and this is slight, and their only interest is the proof they provide of how their author had to develop and how much he had to learn before becoming Eugene O'Neill.

If Mr. O'Neill is not to be condemned for the faults in these early plays, neither are Mr. Gellert and the New Fathoms Press to be praised for printing them against Mr. O'Neill's wishes. Legal as such a procedure may be, I can think of few publishing ventures of recent years which have been shoddier in their means. If, alas, people do exist whose ethical sense permits them to take advantage of legal technicalities, then plainly the statute containing these loopholes needs changing.

The paradox of the whole situation is that Mr. O'Neill has been rendered defenseless by a law designed to protect him. Had he not sought to control his scripts by copyrighting them, he might have been free to destroy all copies of them. Even had he remembered to renew his copyright on these forgotten works or cared to do so, he could, as the law now reads, have kept them out of the public domain only for another twenty-eight years.

What happens to published works when the calendar consigns them to that domain is one thing; what happens to unpublished works is another. The shelves of the Library of Congress must bulge with the youthful manuscripts of other dramatists who have become prominent. Surely the purpose of the Library of Congress is not to serve as a kind of blackmailing treasure-trove from which such manuscripts can be extracted and published, royalty-free, by those who happen to come across them, without the permission and in spite of the protests of the playwrights involved. It would seem fairer if, at the expiration of the first or second copyright period, all such manuscripts were destroyed by the Library itself with the consent of the author or his heirs. Otherwise, the payment of the copyright fee, though it may temporarily guarantee protection, in the long run seems bound to invite exploitation. At least this is what has happened in the case of Mr. O'Neill and his "Lost Plays." The manner of their publication is an ugly business. To describe it as reprehensible and shameful is to indulge in an understatement.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Beyond Stars, Atoms & Hell

FLETCHER PRATT

THIS spring's offerings in the field of fantasy and science fiction comprise seventeen volumes, about which the most remarkable fact is that only three of them have never been in print before. Of these three only one—Isaac Asimov's "Pebble in the Sky"—is published for the devotees of the form. Anthony West's "The Vintage" is arcane; it comes as a work of general literature, with no attempt to reach the special public that has fallen on it with glad cries of recognition. Charles Williams's "The Greater Trumps" curiously resembles "The Vintage" in the sense that both books employ pure fantasy as a means for the affirmation of the fundamental value of the Christian ethic, but this is no more than to say that writers often hit on the same basic material. In approach and technique the two are utterly different, and Mr. West's journey of a damned spirit through hell achieves a far closer approach to life than Mr. Williams's parable of bringing to life on earth the cards of the tarot deck.

It would be easy to describe these two as the only pure fantasies in the group and the only ones concerned with the literary values of emotion and ideological content instead of the technical questions of what lies beyond the frontiers of the stars and in the heart of the atom. But I am not sure that such a description would be adequate or accurate. To be sure, one of three anthologies in this spring's group, "Beyond Time and Space," makes a definition of science-fiction so very broad as to include the whole range of imaginative literature beyond the range of the downright ghost story. Mr. Derleth gives us a few doses from Plato, Rabelais, Swift, and Sir Thomas More before plunging into the pulps and it is rather a pity that with so broad a base he could not have offered a better selection.

The rest of the list belongs more clearly to science-fiction. The second anthology, "Men Against the Stars," revolves around one of the most common themes in the field. It is ingeniously arranged to present from many hands a series of stories which make up an integrated imaginary history of travel in space, beginning with the day when there is public question as to whether the first rocket to the moon shall be fired at all and ending with a time when old mother earth is an almost forgotten relic among the developed planets of a hundred galaxies. Strangely enough, Isaac Asimov, who writes the first story in this collection, also uses the thematic material of the last in his full-length novel "Pebble in the Sky."

He tells a better story and tells it better than any of the other three writers who have entries in the "space-opera" category this spring: George O. Smith, ("Nomad"), E. E. Smith, ("First Lensman"), and Will Stewart ("Seetee Shock"). The first of these is marked by some extremely plausible gadgets (and no wonder—George Smith is a very good electrical engineer when not writing fiction), operated by sometimes plausible people in a truly incredible political situation. The second has a degree of narrative drive that has always kept E. E. Smith's readers from examining too closely what is happening to what kind of characters (but the descriptions of the physique and culture are always fascinating and have a logic of their own). The third is an examination of the individual and political consequences of the availability of a source of really unlimited power.

Ray Bradbury's "The Martian Chronicles" might be called a space-opera also but it is all located on the single planet of Mars and consists of a series of short stories, each complete in itself, here assembled with a small amount of connective tissue and bound together with the cement of some extra-ingenious ideas of what the red planet is like. Most of the stories have a strange atmosphere, half-melancholy, half-humorous, and all of them, including the implied statement that the destruction of the planet need not involve the downfall of the human spirit, are good enough to be worth the attention of readers who are uninterested in the question of whether the word "fiction" has an adjective in front of it or not.

Heinlein's "Sixth Column" and Leiber's "Gather, Darkness!" like the space-operas, are rewrites and extensions of stories that gave much satisfaction to the customers when they appeared in the pulps, and both touch the equally familiar material of a world under an odious domination and a scientific revolution from below. The detail, however, is very different. Heinlein's world is only the United States, which has been conquered by Orientals, and I fear it is rather poor Heinlein; he has given us more credible character and better incidents elsewhere. In Leiber's story the scientists themselves have become an encysted, dogmatic oligarchy ruling through a system of caste, which is only ousted by an appeal to witchcraft which is not really witchcraft at all.

"Waldo and Magic, Inc." is rather good Heinlein, composed of two stories which have no relation but the name of the author. "Waldo" is straight science-fiction, with a world made better by invented gadgets and a man made better by inventing them, while "Magic, Inc." is equally straight fantasy, with magic really working and gangsters trying to make a racket of it. The solution is regrettably forced; Mr. Heinlein is writer enough not to bring the Devil on stage.

However, he repays any reader for his patience with "The Man Who Sold the Moon," which is very good Heinlein, the first of several volumes in which his "future history" series will be collected. Each of the seven stories in the current collection is a good story in itself—they have appeared in magazines all the way from the pulps to *The Saturday Evening Post*—but the interesting point is that they make up a case of the whole being greater than the sum of its parts. With a remarkable effort of disciplined imagination, Mr. Heinlein has conceived a perfectly logical history of the world during the next 700 years and has proceeded to write stories which embrace parts of that history. Not from the point of view of the movers and shakers, but from that of ordinary people, down on the ground; an extraordinary achievement.

Van Vogt's "Masters of Time" is another double-header, "The Changeling" being the added entry. Both are "time" stories and both are in the familiar Van Vogt tradition of using scientific ideas as a background for what is essentially pure adventure.

The remaining books of this spring's crop are quite a different matter. Hal Clement's "Needle" originated in the pulps and probably could have found magazine publication only in that medium. It has not only been extended but has also received a good deal of built-in detail, which makes what was originally a pleasant and acceptable tale into something like the kind of novel one need not classify

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Books in Round-up

PEBBLE IN THE SKY. By Isaac Asimov. New York: Doubleday & Co. 223 pp. $2.50.

THE VINTAGE. By Anthony West. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 310 pp. $3.

THE GREATER TRUMPS. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 268 pp. $3.

BEYOND TIME & SPACE. Edited by August Derleth. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 643 pp. $4.50.

MEN AGAINST THE STARS. Edited by Martin Greenberg. New York: Gnome Press. 351 pp. $2.95.

NOMAD. By George O. Smith. Philadelphia: Prime Press. 268 pp. $3.

FIRST LENSMAN. By E. E. Smith. Reading, Pa.: Fantasy Press. 306 pp. $3.

SEETEE SHOCK. By Will Stewart. New York: Simon & Schuster. 238 pp. $2.50.

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES. By Ray Bradbury. New York: Doubleday & Co. 222 pp. $2.50.

SIXTH COLUMN. By Robert A. Heinlein. New York: Gnome Press. 256 pp. $2.50.

GATHER, DARKNESS! By Fritz Leiber. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 240 pp. $2.75.

WALDO AND MAGIC, INC. By Robert A. Heinlein. New York: Doubleday & Co. 219 pp. $2.50.

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON. By Robert A. Heinlein. Chicago: Shasta Publishers. 288 pp. $3.

MASTERS OF TIME. By A. E. Van Vogt. Reading, Pa.: Fantasy Press. 227 pp. $3.

NEEDLE. By Hal Clement. New York: Doubleday & Co. 222 pp. $2.50.

SIDEWISE IN TIME. By Murray Leinster. Chicago: Shasta Publishers. 211 pp. $3.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Edited by Judith Merril. New York: Bantam Books. 25¢.

at all. Indeed, it almost defies classification, for it could quite readily have been offered as a rather outré detective story or a novel about adolescent realization of responsibility or a tale about the impact of alien cultures upon each other. The thing is done with such a deceptive lightness of touch that most readers will not realize they are getting anything but a very good story with a thoroughly original theme.

Murray Leinster's "Sidewise in Time" is a collection of classics from the hand of an old master—one might say the oldest master now writing. For Will Jenkins (his name appears below the pseudonym on the title page) was probably the first author to conceive that the writer is not relieved of his literary responsibilities because he has come into possession of an interesting scientific theory that may be presented in fictive form. All the six stories in this volume meet the requirement of scientific ingenuity so well that their ideological background has become the common ideological background of this whole class of literature. Since the publication of the title story, for instance, it has never been necessary for anyone to explain the theory of the simultaneous existence of parallel "if" universes. In addition, all are very good stories indeed, dealing with people who react to strange situations in the way that fallible, interesting, sometimes intelligent, and sometimes wrong-headed human beings would.

Which brings up the third anthology of the spring list. "A Shot in the Dark" makes the human reaction the whole show. Most of the Old Hands are represented in the table of contents—Sturgeon, Leinster, Asimov, Lewis Padgett, Bradbury—but there is also a group less known for science-fiction than for other things: R. Austin Freeman, Margery Allingham, Gerald Kersh. They all meet on one point, however, and that point is that it is far more important what happens to people than what happens to the world. In fact, if there is a trend, the whole spring list shows a trend in that direction, and the spring list as a whole has done distinctly better for the readers than the list of 1949.

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By John Ackerson

BIRDS in the bracken fringing Teme give song
For you, but pray look back through sweetest air
In England; you will catch your breath, and strong
Your sigh as at the wonderful hill you stare.
Great castles you have seen but never the like,
For Sidney and John Milton walk its court,
Yet higher than the ivied donjon strike
The turrets of Saint Lawrence, lofty port
That lifts and braces till you are germane
To these red berries of the mountain ash,
To wind rippling the larch and beams that stain
The hill, to realms of men who cease to clash,
As good Saint Lawrence heralds better times;
"Life Let Us Cherish" peal his hardy chimes.

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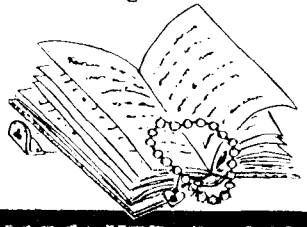

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ARE MOVIES "BETTER THAN EVER"?

(*Continued from page 10*)

as Sam Goldwyn said of a friend who was being psychoanalyzed, have his head examined. A recent survey in Washington reported a decline of 72 per cent in adult movie patronage by owners of television sets. Most competent observers are inclined to reject these figures as another Dewey-like indication of public-opinion-poll dementia but only the embattled few who deny that television has any effect on moviegoing estimate the reduction as less than the 20 per cent to 30 per cent indicated in a recent Paramount investigation.

What will occur in the comparatively near future with improved reception, more competent and diversified programming, color projection, larger screens, and a greater reservoir of creative talent? No one requires a crystal ball with sound attachment to see and hear the explosion in the household of 1952 when the suggestion is offered that father undergo the vicissitudes of parking and standing in line to pay admission for the family to see the average B movie, instead of remaining comfortably, costlessly, and coatlessly in his favorite easy chair, watching Westerns, wrestling, or wrangles on current issues just as long as the spirit moves—and no longer. Romantically inclined young people can cuddle more comfortably in the parlor than in any parquet. Confronted by such competition, the theatre will have to put its best feats forward. It will have to maintain a far higher average of excellence than it now exhibits, an average which television, as long as it is dependent on advertising revenue rather than admission charges, can never hope to equal.

One agreeable by-product of this pressure for high-class pictures will be a withering on the Vine Street of Hollywood mass production. Better films mean fewer films and fewer films write finis to the disease of double features. The addicts of quantity can stay home hugging the garrulous console, while the lovers of quality indulge their predilection for one good picture instead of two bad ones. Indeed, it has long been my contention that if there is no alternative, they prefer one bad one to two. I once advertised at the Rialto Theatre, "not such a good picture but only one," and was agreeably surprised by the volume of attendance until the indignant producer cut his own throat by muzzling my lips.

Another class of patrons whom the movies are losing directly as well as indirectly through television are the sport fans. Professional baseball, particularly when played at night, football, basketball, boxing, wrestling, horse and dog racing, are making steady inroads on theatre attendance. In the past eighteen years the race tracks alone increased their share of the amusement dollar by 950 per cent! Out of every dollar spent on recreation the motion-picture share has declined to 77¢, a decrease of 37 per cent since 1933. The progressively bigger bite which competitive entertainments are taking from movie revenue is evidence, hard to refute, that the patronage now attracted is singularly vulnerable to attack and attrition and that farsighted management should be soliciting support in more reliable quarters.

Out of a population of 140 million souls, over 100 million of whom are physically and financially able to attend movie performances, only thirteen million see an average picture and twenty-three million an outstanding one. Here is a vast reservoir of some eighty million potential customers, an untapped audience bigger than the entire British Empire. It might be noted that this neglected patronage is primarily among the higher-income brackets. People with annual incomes of $2,500 and $3,000 spend more than 35 per cent of their total expenditure for recreation on movies but those with over $10,000 spend less than 12 per cent. Surely it is not a reasonable equation that the larger the pay check the smaller the taste for entertainment.

The age group of the uncaptured audience might also suggest some basic postulate probing on the part of picture producers. "A little child shall lead us" but not to our places of entertainment. The percentage of total tickets sold is 30 per cent to children, 35 per cent to young people of eighteen to thirty, and 35 per cent to all of the middle-aged and elderly folk, who comprise more than half of our total population. I am, unfortunately, a member of this graying group, but we refuse to regard ourselves as superannuated and we are not unreasonably ruffled at Hollywood's assumption that our tastes are negligible because we are no longer spry enough to hobble down an aisle or stay awake through the early evening show.

THERE has been an understandable reluctance on the part of producers with picture investments, running well into the millions, to cater to more mature, better educated groups, arising from the fear that in the process they might endanger their present youthful bread and butter. If, however, they are, as appears apparent, in the process of losing the consistent support of these less exacting customers, their hesitation in seeking more adult themes and more thoughtful interpretation will be correspondingly reduced. Indeed, it is my happy conviction that only the authors, directors, and actors capable of supplying such themes and interpretations will long survive.

The secession of the sport fans, though it may temporarily hurt theatre grosses, will permanently improve picture content. Their pressure was exerted in behalf of anything that snapped like action rather than anything that smacked of art. It was to placate them that every company included annually a few pictures in its program of the Champ whose stamina has been lowered by high-society life rallying at the sight of his ex-sweetheart to fight his way from sure defeat to bloody victory, and of the pretty Southern girl whose curiously underestimated blueblooded mare escapes the crooked gamblers' devices of railroad wrecks, dope, and dirty riding to swing to the outside rail and save the Derby by a nose. The defection of these simpleminded gentry may well be replaced by a portion of that more perceptive audience which now shuns all Hollywood films.

The success in metropolitan centers that has greeted a handful of English and foreign-language films—"Henry V," "Hamlet," "Quartet," "Red Shoes," "Open City," "Paisan," "The Bicycle Thief," and "The Titan"— will also expedite the movement towards the movies' being their age. If such formerly despised fodder for the "sure seaters," as the art theatres used to be called, can achieve such sensational results in a period of poor movie attendance, there is ground for the faith that American films of equivalent adult appeal will do even better.

In a strange access of an unsuspected national inferiority complex, some cultured canaries question our capacity to produce equally distin-

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guished pictures. You do not have to be an America Firster to be certain that America, if it so wills, can find a dozen Oliviers for England's Olivier and directors, if it seeks them, the peers of DeSica. Even under existing conditions, in the face of pressure groups and prurient censors, we are not doing too poorly with John Ford, Willie Wyler, Frank Capra, and John Huston.

Nor do you have to be brashly chauvinistic to resent the assumption of our pseudo-intellectuals that foreign films are invariably superior to American. Nothing could be further from the truth. As an importer of European films and as the chief of the Motion-Picture Branch of Military Government in Germany, it has probably been my sorry lot to screen more pictures of more countries than any living man. It has ruined my eyesight, my sunny disposition, and my fond conviction that Hollywood was a petrified forest, cinematically speaking. Occasionally the Italians, British, and French strike a note of insight and tenderness of which our West Coast studios seem strangely incapable—though young idealists working on a shoestring on the sidewalks of New York, like the producers of "The Quiet One," encountered no such difficulty—but day in and night out the general standard of foreign motion pictures is far inferior to ours, not only in technical proficiency but also in subject matter.

Although the market (not to mention the appreciation) for foreign films has been slowly expanding at home, the reverse has been violently true abroad. Not that American pictures are not more popular in every country in the world than the domestic product. Even in the satellite nations when the iron curtain rises on a Hollywood production the attendance dwarfs all competitive entertainment. Partially, however, because of this worldwide favor and partially because of dollar shortages the financially successful circulation of American pictures has been impeded by quotas, excessive duties, blocked funds, and every other impediment that the minds of ingenious European bureaucrats could devise. In the United Kingdom, for instance, out of every 100 pictures exhibited, thirty must have been domestically produced. In spite

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ENTER MADAME!

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., quotes the entrance lines of twenty Shakespearean heroines. Can you match them with the ladies, listed on the right, who speak these famous first words? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. And have you nuns no further privileges? ( ) Adriana
2. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world. ( ) Beatrice
3. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of. ( ) Cleopatra
4. Do you doubt that? ( ) Cordelia
5. How now, who calls? ( ) Cressida
6. I do affect a sorrow indeed; but I have it too. ( ) Desdemona
7. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. ( ) Helena
8. If it be love, indeed, tell me how much. ( ) Hermia
9. In peace and honor live Lord Titus long. ( ) Isabella
10. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. ( ) Imogen
11. I pray you, is Signor Montanto returned from the wars or no? ( ) Juliet
12. My noble father, I do perceive here a divided duty. ( ) Lavinia
13. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor. ( ) Miranda
14. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd. ( ) Olivia
15. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds! ( ) Ophelia
16. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand. ( ) Portia
17. So is Lysander. ( ) Queen Katharine
18. Take the fool away. ( ) Rosalind
19. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. ( ) Silvia
20. Who were those went by? ( ) Volumnia

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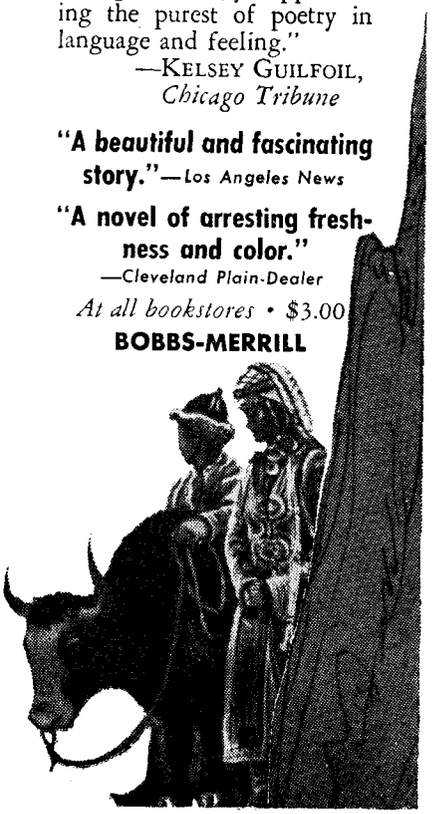

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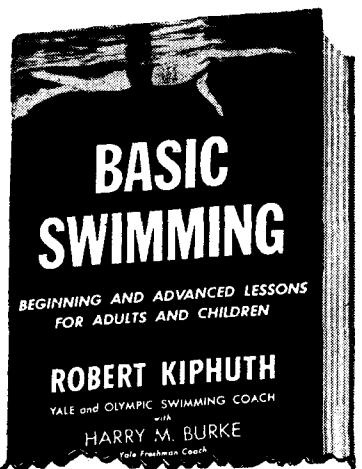

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of such restrictions, U. S. producers are earning in Britain close to $60,000,000 a year, but of this they are allowed to take home only $17,000,000.

From the point of view of rising standards of American film production, however, this declining foreign revenue has its compensations. No longer will the subject matter, the treatment, and the stars of every proposed film have to be scrutinized to ascertain whether they will not only please Americans but whether they will meet with the approval, not to mention the spiritual and political requirements, of Eskimos, Hottentots, and Patagonians.

ONE OF the most consistent handicaps to the production in Hollywood of films with social content has been the fear that such pictures could not or should not be shown abroad. Genuine social gains can occasionally be accomplished by projecting our soiled democratic linen on the American screen but there is serious danger inherent in the foreign exploitation of such pictures. We received many letters of protest from Western European countries that "Gentlemen's Agreement" not only indicated anti-Semitism as rampant in upper-crust American life but also suggested forms in which it could be manifested hitherto unpractised in those benighted communities. "Grapes of Wrath" was shown with thinly disguised glee in Eastern Europe under the title "This American Paradise!" "Snake Pit" was accompanied by official statements in many quarters that no such mistreatment of the weak-minded would be tolerated by them. I dread to anticipate the probable reaction to so faithful and undistorted a picture of mob violence and race hatred as "Intruder in the Dust." Enlightened people regard these films as a demonstration of democracy's incalculable privilege of self-improvement through self-criticism but the less understanding, abetted by a little Communist prompting, only see in them the failure of our institutions to live up to the high ideals we profess. Less courage will be required to produce honest movies about our mores if foreign revenue ceases to be a primary consideration in the mind of every promoter.

Another apparent misfortune, which should actually make for phenomenal film advancement, is the rapidly waning box-office appeal of the great stars of yesterday. Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Humphrey Bogart—gallantry prevents mention of their female contemporaries—are no longer glamorous lads but middle-aged citizens beginning to bulge or bald, better cast as fond fathers than as passionate lovers. Despite Ezio Pinza's heartening demonstration of sustained sex appeal in rare specimens of the male animals, it can be categorically stated that movie audiences crave the ardors of youth.

Few equally gland-stimulating new figures or faces have appeared to replace the old ones and exhibitors throughout the United States are unanimous in reporting that less than a dozen names still retain their old box-office "boff." The patron's first question no longer is "who is in the picture?" but "what is in it?" It was not planned that way; indeed it was and still is bitterly lamented by producers and exhibitors alike, but this fortuitous emancipation from the Emersonian system of hitching your vehicle to a star will prove a godsend to the gallery gods. Authors, directors, technicians, will come into their own as we bid farewell to the shadows of Broncho Billy and Theda Bara on the screen!

The fading of the stars was deplored by the movie magnates but the Government antitrust suit was fought by them with ardor. The Department of Justice first filed its suit in equity against the eight major companies in 1938. After years of litigation and setbacks for the defendants, the shape of film things to come, although not finally adjudicated to the last sentence of the sentence, is now clear to all except the most intransigent. Paramount and RKO have accepted the inevitable and entered into consent decrees with the Government entailing the complete separation of their affiliated theatres from their production and distribution activities.

Divestiture, however, does not mean genuine theatre unscrambling, such as we instituted in Germany, where no individual can operate more than five theatres. The major American companies owned prior to the suit 15 to 20 per cent of the theatres in the United States. Actually their

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Isabella in "Measure for Measure." 2. Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." 3. Rosalind in "As You Like It." 4. Ophelia in "Hamlet." 5. Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." 6. Helena in "All's Well That Ends Well." 7. Miranda in "The Tempest." 8. Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra." 9. Lavinia in "Titus Andronicus." 10. Volumnia in "Coriolanus." 11. Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." 12. Desdemona in "Othello." 13. Queen Katharine in "King Henry VIII." 14. Adriana in "The Comedy of Errors." 15. Imogen in "Cymbeline." 16. Silvia in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 17. Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 18. Olivia in "Twelfth Night." 19. Cordelia in "King Lear." 20. Cressida in "Troilus and Cressida."

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power was far greater than these figures would indicate, as fully 80 per cent of all metropolitan first-run theatres were in their hands. Large independent circuits, however, controlled and will continue to control approximately 30 per cent of the movie houses. To these must now be added the newly-formed or about-to-be-formed splinter companies. United Paramount Theatres, for instance, will have to dispose of approximately 800 theatres which presently "constitute legal monopolies", or were acquired as "the illegal fruits of conspiracy." It will still retain, however, some 650 of its best-located, best-equipped houses. In other words, not less and probably more than 40 per cent of the country's theatres will remain circuit-operated, although not under the aegis of the producers.

THEATRE divorcement is also under discussion and approaching settlement between Twentieth Century-Fox and Warner executives and Government attorneys. An unusual complication in both these cases arises from the existence of two remarkable brother teams. Mr. Charles Skouras, the highest salaried individual in the United States, and his brother Spyros, probably the most dynamic, would like respectively to head Twentieth's theatre and producing corporations. Similar ambitions to divide and rule have been attributed to the three Warner brothers. Such suggestions are regarded with a jaundiced eye by suspicious Department of Justice representatives. On the other hand, Loew's, which started exclusively in exhibition and did not enter production until 1920, still refuses to acknowledge defeat and to say farewell to its Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and its far-flung film exchanges. Fighting what can at best prove hardly other than a delaying action, it has filed a final appeal to the Supreme Court. Regardless of the outcome, vertical integration in the film industry is approaching its final fadeout. The last embrace will, however, be a more protracted one than the movie code sanctions. The court has indicated that it will grant three years for the disposition of theatre holdings.

In addition, many trade practices long regarded as essential to the mysterious rites of film distributors have been found destructive of free competition. One such practice universally pursued was formerly known as protection but rechristened "clearance" by some unhung distribution publicist. Theatres are classified first-, second-, and on up to seventh-, or eighth-run houses according to the order in which they show films. Clearance is the length of time which is re-

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quired to elapse between each run. Obviously, 22,000 theatres in the United States cannot all play pictures simultaneously. Clearance consequently is not declared illegal. Where, however, the rules are uniform, indicating in the judgment of the judges collusion between the distributors, or where they are clearly unreasonable, they must be revised on a more equitable basis. Actually, clearance was primarily designed to protect first-run affiliated theatres and with their passing the distributors, eager to earn rentals as rapidly as possible, will have no incentive to retain it.

OTHER trade practices found by the court conducive to the suppression of competition are "price fixing" (the dictation to the theatre of a minimum public-admission fee), "blind buying" (the rental of films without first making them available for screening by all exhibitors), and, most important of all, "block booking" (the simultaneous leasing of a group of pictures upon the condition that to rent what he regarded as the good ones the exhibitor had also to take the bad). As a consequence, the Court ruled that not only were the exhibitors forced to play many inferior pictures but their playing time was so absorbed by the major companies that they had no available dates for the product of independent producers, regardless of merit. In the meantime theatres affiliated with the majors, or so it was claimed, unhampered by block booking, were limited in their freedom of selection of the most desirable pictures by reciprocal arrangements among the majors, binding them to fill in any open time with their so-called competitors' wares.

The effect of block booking has always been controversial. The reformers seem to be under the impression that exhibitors were straining at the leash to play the sort of pictures reformers rather than patrons like and were only restrained by the wicked machinations of the distributors. They also suffer from an obsession that all B pictures are objectionable. Actually, a B picture is only the trade term for an inexpensive film, and cheap pictures and bad ones have been no more synonymous than expensive pictures and good ones. Any industry that fails to adopt some expedient to encourage the production and distribution of good but inexpensive pictures is gravely handicapping its possibilities for growth and even for survival.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the medium of block booking stimulated the production of an incredible amount of unmitigated trash. Some companies openly pursued a policy of producing a half-dozen cheaters for every impressive film on their schedule. All considered in the light of the experience of the past ten years, it can fairly be said that mechanisms such as block booking and control of theatre circuits by producers, which made the sale of anything they produced akin to automatic and the sale of independent or foreign films fraught with obstacles, were not conducive to the consistent production of so-called "good" films.

The consent decrees mean the opening of the picture industry to a far keener battle for playing time on the screens of the nation than it has known since its pie-throwing pioneer days. To the old-fashioned souls who pin their hopes of progress on competition rather than cartels, closed markets, or other restrictive trade practices this would appear a step in the right direction. As usual, however, where sound economic laws have been flouted, the pains of readjustment will be severe and the innocent will suffer with the guilty. Exhibitors, who have been trained to rely on a large volume of films for an uncritical audience, will painfully have to acquire new policies, new patrons, and maybe even turn some of their marginal showplaces into garages. Those that remain or are newly constructed, as well as the drive-ins, will have to experiment with third dimension, concave screens designed to prevent distortion, improved acoustics, and sight lines. Maybe they will avail themselves of the long-rejected "smellies." Maybe they will serve light refreshments, most of them being already knee-deep in candy and pop-corn. They will surely have to offer better parking facilities and new standards of comfort and service to persuade recalcitrant television lovers that be it never so pretentious there's no place like a theatre.

Indeed, television will have to be accepted, as radio was, and converted from enemy into ally. On large screens and with adequate sound equipment current news and athletic events immediately or promptly conveyed will become an integral part of every up-to-date theatre's program. Television will also eventually prove a source of new talent, new techniques, and maybe the replacement of theatre booths with the projection of all films from a centralized point. With some vision, television can revitalize the whole conception of modern theatre operation.

And there will be sore need for such revitalization. The rentals demanded for preferred product will possibly mount to such astronomical altitudes that lachrymose exhibitors will refer back nostalgically to the good old days of 1950. In the face of increased entertainment competition, however, the burden of increased costs cannot be passed on to the public in the form of higher admission prices. Indeed, it is probable they will decline. To survive, theatre operators will have to shine up the smart, ingenious showmanship on which the early success of "fillums" was founded. They will discard threadbare superlatives and the self-defeating effort to make all pictures look desirable to all people. There are unusual audiences available for unusual pictures but they must be lured back to movie attendance by honest, intelligent advertising. Just as we have seen the length of runs of smash-hit plays on Broadway and provocative films off Broadway stretch out from months to years, we will see the playing time of successful pictures all over the country extend far beyond anything now deemed remotely conceivable.

The producers will be confronted with equally unpalatable readjustments. For years they have been trying to economize. Now they will have to. Not all of them will emerge from the ordeal of fire and firing. Those who do may, as a consequence of their defeat by the Department of Justice, regain many times over the money they spent to escape it.

In brief, movies are not only "better than ever" but there is good reason to believe that they are going to get even better than that. Harassed movie men may have difficulty in recognizing their present and impending burdens as blessings in disguise, but both for them and for all lovers of fine films the dark clouds which currently obscure the silver screen have a silver lining.

Arthur Mayer, who has had a widely varied and distinguished career in the film industry, has been a consistent leader in trying to promote higher standards of production.

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CRITIC'S HAMMOCK

(*Continued from page 16*)

"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"Fiddler's Green," by Ernest K. Gann (Sloane).
"The King of Fassarai," by David Divine (Macmillan).

General

"Last Chance in Africa," by Negley Farson (Harcourt).
"Escape to Adventure," by Fitzroy MacLean (Little, Brown).
"Comes the Comrade!," by Alexandra Orme (Morrow).
"The Immortal Lovers," by Frances Winwar (Harper).
"Does It Always Rain Here, Mr. Hoyt?," by M. Hoyt (Rinehart).

ERNEST CADY
Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch*

Fiction

"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).
"The Wine of Etna," by Alexander Baron (Ives Washburn).
"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"Dear Guest and Ghost," by Sylvia Dee (Macmillan).

General

"Assignment to Austerity," by Herbert & Nancie Mathews (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Incredible Tale," by Gerald W. Johnson (Harper).
"Rustics in Rebellion," by George Alfred Townsend (University of North Carolina Press).
"Courtroom," by Quentin Reynolds (Farrar, Straus).
"Science Is a Sacred Cow," by Anthony Standen (Dutton).

LON TINKLE
Dallas Morning News

Fiction

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"The Bitterweed Path," by Thomas Hal Phillips (Rinehart).
"Nothing," by Henry Green (Viking).
"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"The Lady's Not for Burning," by Christopher Fry (Oxford).

General

"Berlioz and the Romantic Century," by Jacques Barzun (Little, Brown).
"The Ben Lilly Legend," by J. Frank Dobie (Little, Brown).
"Herman Melville," by Newton Arvin (Sloane).
"The Novel of Violence in America," by W. M. Frohock (University Press in Dallas).
"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Little, Brown).

(*Continued on page 40*)

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(*Continued from page 39*)

CLYDE BECK
Detroit News

Fiction

"Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart (Whittlesey).
"High Valley," by Charmian Clift & George Johnston (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Homeward Borne," by Ruth Chatterton (Simon & Schuster).
"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"Nothing," by Henry Green (Viking).

General

"The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," by Edgar Kemler (Little, Brown).
"I Leap Over the Wall," by Monica Baldwin (Rinehart).
"Escape to Adventure," by Fitzroy MacLean (Little, Brown).
"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).
"The Green Leaf, The Collected Poems of Robert Nathan" (Knopf).

EDWARD PARONE
The Hartford Courant

Fiction

"The Thomas Mann Reader," edited by Joseph Warner Angell (Knopf).
"The Dog Star," by Donald Windham (Doubleday).
"The Sunnier Side," by Charles Jackson (Farrar, Straus).
"The Plenipotentiaries," by H. J. Kaplan (Harper).
"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).

General

"The Liberal Imagination," by Lionel Trilling (Viking).
"In Search," by Meyer Levin (Authors' Press, Paris).
"A Summer in Italy," by Sean O'Faolain (Devin-Adair).
"Berlioz and the Romantic Century," by Jacques Barzun (Little, Brown).
"The Little Blue Light," by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus).

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH
Los Angeles Times

Fiction

"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"The Legacy," by Nevil Shute (Morrow).
"High Valley," by Charmian Clift & George Johnston (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart (Whittlesey).
"Red Bone Woman," by Carlyle Tillery (John Day).

General

"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).
"Comes the Comrade!," by Alexandra Orme (Morrow).
"The Yankee Exodus," by Stuart H. Holbrook (Macmillan).
"Them Was the Days," by Martha Ferguson McKeown (Macmillan).
"Immortal Lovers," by Frances Winwar (Harper).

AUGUST DERLETH
Madison (Wis.) Capital Times

Fiction

"The Old Man of the Mountain and Seventeen Other Stories," by Allan Seager (Simon & Schuster).
"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"This and No More," by Benedict & Nancy Freedman (Harper).
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson (Simon & Schuster).
"The Martian Chronicles," by Ray Bradbury (Doubleday).
"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).

General

"The Lady's Not for Burning," by Christopher Fry (Oxford).
"In Search," by Meyer Levin (Authors' Press, Paris).
"A Measure of Freedom," by Arnold Foster (Doubleday).
"Atoms of Thought," by George Santayana (Philosophical).

Portraits of Two Alberts

By Pauline Starkweather

Albert Einstein

A WHITE corona round a tired face;
The humble, questioning eyes of a child;
Behind those eyes, something that dares to find
God's mind as logical as his own mind,
The cosmic puzzle one united field,
One mighty harmony of time and space.

Albert Schweitzer

ETHER . . . and jungle heat . . . and festering scars . . .
And for refreshment when the long day ends,
A bit of Bach alone beneath the stars
In place of concert hall and the world's kiss—
No greater love hath any man than this:
To lay aside life's glory for his friends.

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PAUL FLOWERS
Memphis Commercial Appeal

Fiction

"The Sunnier Side," by Charles Jackson (Farrar, Straus).
"Nothing," by Henry Green (Viking).
"Pink House," by Nelia Gardner White (Viking).
"Mr. Midshipman Hornblower," by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown).
"The Boat," by L. P. Hartley (Doubleday).

General

"The Law of the Sea," by William McFee (Lippincott).
"The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"How to Be Deliriously Happy," by Ira Wallach (Henry Schuman).
"Slightly Cooler in the Suburbs," by C. B. Palmer (Doubleday).
"The Incredible Casanova," by James Stuart Montgomery (Doubleday).

BEATRICE WASHBURN
Miami Herald

Fiction

"High Valley," by Charmian Clift & George Johnston (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Legacy," by Nevil Shute (Morrow).
"Shadow of a Man," by May Sarton (Rinehart).
"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"Circle of the Day," by Helen Howe (Simon & Schuster).

General

"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).
"Escape to Adventure," by Fitzroy MacLean (Little, Brown).
"Assignment to Austerity," by Herbert & Nancie Mathews (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Comes the Comrade!," by Alexandra Orme (Morrow).
"Roof of the World," by Amaury de Reincourt (Rinehart).

H. RUSSELL AUSTIN
Milwaukee Journal

Fiction

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart (Whittlesey).
"Wintertime," by Jan Valtin (Rinehart).
"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).

General

"The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," by Edgar Kemler (Little, Brown).
"The Little Blue Light," by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus).
"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).
"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Minneapolis Star & Tribune

Fiction

"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).
"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"Guests of Don Lorenzo," by Robert Pick (Lippincott).
"A Woman of Means," by Peter Taylor (Harcourt).

General

"Comes the Comrade!," by Alexandra Orme (Morrow).
"The Thomas Mann Reader," edited by Joseph Warner Angell (Knopf).
"D. H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius, But . . ." by Richard Aldington (Duell, Sloan).
"The Incredible Tale," by Gerald W. Johnson (Harper).
"The Lady's Not for Burning," by Christopher Fry (Oxford).

MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS
Nashville Banner

Fiction

"A Woman of Means," by Peter Taylor (Harcourt).
"The Heart of a Queen," by J. Delves-Broughton (Whittlesey).
"No Time to Look Back," by Leslie Greener (Viking).
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).
"Homeward Borne," by Ruth Chatterton (Simon & Schuster).

General

"The Grand Alliance," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"War or Peace," by John Foster Dulles (Macmillan).
"Jefferson: The Scene of Europe, 1784 to 1789," by Marie Kimball (Coward-McCann).
"The Autobiography of Robert A. Millikan" (Prentice-Hall).
"Eleanor of Aquitaine," by Curtis Howe Walker (Univ. of N. C. Press).

MAX HERZBERG
Newark (N. J.) Evening News

Fiction

"Circle of the Day," by Helen Howe (Simon & Schuster).
"High Valley," by Charmian Clift & George Johnston (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Sunrise to Sunset," by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random).
"No Time to Look Back," by Leslie Greener (Viking).
"Beyond Time & Space," edited by August Derleth (Pellegrini & Cudahy).

General

"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).
"Assignment to Austerity," by Herbert & Nancie Mathews (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"The Transcendentalists," by Perry Miller (Harvard University Press).

(*Continued on page 42*)

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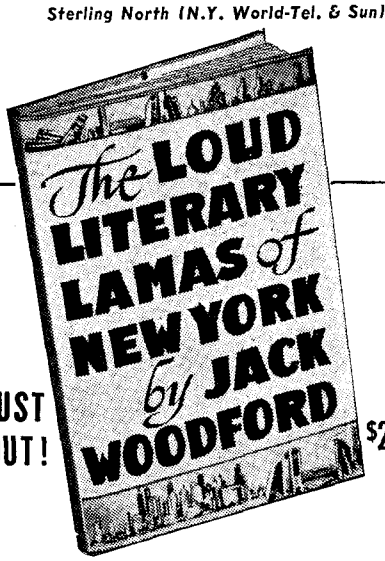

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Rocky Rockwell, city editor, finds himself suspect #1 in the murder of a visiting English lecturer . . . with only that outspoken society editor, Mrs. Pickett, to help him find the real culprit.

(*Continued from page 41*)

"The Marx Brothers," by Kyle Crichton (Doubleday).

LEWIS GANNETT
New York Herald Tribune

Fiction

"Debby," by Max Steele (Harper).
"Grant of Kingdom," by Harvey Ferguson (Morrow).
"Red Bone Woman," by Carlyle Tillery (John Day).
"Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart (Whittlesey).
"Memory and Desire," by Mary Main (Dial).

General

"Mink on Weekdays (Ermine on Sunday)," by Felicia Lamport (Houghton Mifflin).
"Comes the Comrade!," by Alexandra Orme (Morrow).
"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).
"Escape to Adventure," by Fitzroy MacLean (Little, Brown).
"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute (Dutton).

VICTOR P. HASS
Omaha World-Herald

Fiction

"The Bizarre Sisters," by Jay & Audrey Walz (Duell).
"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"Troubled Spring," by John Brick (Farrar).
"The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson (Simon & Schuster).
"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).

General

"Of Men and Mountains," by William O. Douglas (Harper).
"A Fisherman's Testament," by Bernard Venables (Macmillan).
"The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith," by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (Macmillan).
"Star of Empire," by William B. Willcox (Knopf).

JOHN D. PAULUS
Pittsburgh Press

Fiction

"The Barons," by Charles Wertenbaker (Random).
"Troy and the Maypole," by Winston Clewes (Knopf).
"Pay the Piper," by Adelyn Bushnell (Coward-McCann).
"The Big Fist," by Clyde B. Ragsdale (Putnam's).
"The Unheard Music," by Eleanor Cameron (Little, Brown).

General

"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).
"The Marx Brothers," by Kyle Crichton (Doubleday).
"Eugenio Pacelli, Pope of Peace," by Oscar Halecki (Creative Age).
"Russia Uncensored," by Joseph Newman (Sloane).
"Courtroom," by Quentin Reynolds (Farrar, Straus).

THOMAS B. SHERMAN
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Fiction

"Guests of Don Lorenzo," by Robert Pick (Lippincott).
"The Feast," by Margaret Kennedy (Rinehart).
"Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart (Whittlesey).
"Grant of Kingdom," by Harvey Ferguson (Morrow).
"Heavy Hangs the Golden Grain," by Seumas MacManus (Macmillan).

General

"Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith," by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (Macmillan).
"The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," by Edgar Kemler (Little, Brown).
"Editor to Author," edited by John Hall Wheelock (Scribner's).
"The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"Roosevelt in Retrospect," by John Gunther (Harper).

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NIGHT AT THE MOCKING WIDOW *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.50)	Sir Henry Merrivale's "locked room" magic stems flood of fatal poison-pen letters in English hamlet.	H. M. in fine fettle throughout, and plot tricky enough to suit anybody — with lashin's of humor.	First rate
KILL 'EM WITH KINDNESS *Fred Dickenson* (Bell: $2.50)	Multi-married millionaire slain on eve of sixth wedding, after warning "private eye."	Trail leads through bizarre scenes to spectacular finish. Not quite credible but good fun.	Readable
A MURDER IS ANNOUNCED *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Murder occurs as advertised in English hamlet, perplexing everybody but Miss Marple.	Author's 50th mystery novel worthy to stand beside any of its major predecessors for plot and telling.	A-1

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HELEN O'NEIL
Seattle Post-Intelligencer

Fiction

"The Plymouth Adventure," by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday).
"Hie to the Hunters," by Jesse Stuart (Whittlesey).
"Nothing," by Henry Green (Viking).
"Circle of the Day," by Helen Howe (Simon & Schuster).
"Favorite Stories," by Ted Malone (Doubleday).

General

"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute (Dutton).
"The Immortal Lovers," by Frances Winwar (Harper).
"Editor to Author," edited by John Hall Wheelock (Scribner's).
"Italy, World in Color Series," by Dore Ogrizek (Whittlesey).
"All the Ship's at Sea," by William J. Lederer (Sloane).

CARTER BROOKE JONES
Washington Evening Star

Fiction

"The Town," by Conrad Richter (Knopf).
"The Hunter," by Hugh Fosburgh (Scribner's).
"Grant of Kingdom," by Harvey Ferguson (Morrow).
"The Breast of the Dove," by Herbert Gorman (Rinehart).
"Wintertime," by Jan Valtin (Rinehart).

General

"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).
"The Age of Indiscretion," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"The World of Fiction," by Bernard De Voto (Houghton).
"Zero," by Robert Payne (John Day).
"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager (Yale).

LEE GROVE
Washington Post

Fiction

"The Bizarre Sisters," by Jay & Audrey Walz (Duell, Sloan).
"Wintertime," by Jan Valtin (Rinehart).
"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary (Harper).
"My Time, My Life," by George Camden (Doubleday).
"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random).

General

"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown).
"Rustics in Rebellion," by George Alfred Townsend (Univ. of N. C. Press).
"All the Ship's at Sea," by William J. Lederer (Sloane).
"Seventeenth Century Lyrics," by Norman Ault (Sloane).
"The Thomas Mann Reader," edited by Joseph Warner Angell (Knopf).

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Agatha Christie

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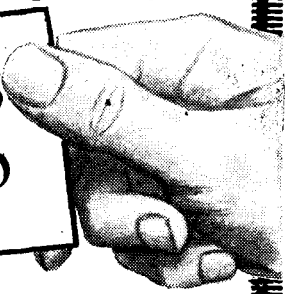

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—C. V. TERRY, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

OUT OF THE ISLAND HOPPER

SAN JUAN.

IN CASE you're having difficulty getting to Europe this summer, as indeed who ain't, the pleasantest alternative is to take yourself to the Caribbean, which is alternately English, Spanish, French, Danish, Dutch, and occasionally plain Coca-Cola American. Some purveyor of misinformation has passed the word around that the Caribbean islands are a string of steaming jungles come summer. Unselfish pioneers that we are, this department volunteered for a test trip through the tropical waters. We have returned unbaked, unblistered, untoasted, unfevered, and unready to go back to work. In Jamaica the wind whistled through the screens, in the Haitian mountains we wore a coat, and nowhere were we hotter than we have been at times in Paris or Rome, not to mention Manhattan.

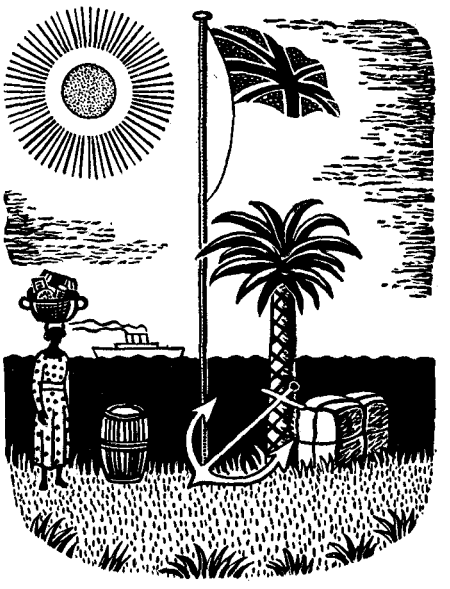
Those amiable souls the rival airlines have gotten together long enough to work out a complete circle tour that will take you from New York through Miami; Havana; Montego Bay and Kingston, Jamaica; Port au Prince, Haiti; Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic; San Juan, Puerto Rico, for a total of $198 plus tax. Pan American World Airways, which takes you under its seasoned wing over the Caribbean leg, allows you ninety days of island hopping. You can stop off anywhere, including Miami. You can also fly the circle clockwise, taking Pan-Am from New York to San Juan and working your way back to home territory through the islands.

Any way you work it, you'll find those super-luxury hotels along Miami Beach which were prohibitive to anyone in less than a 90-per-cent bracket during the winter, are fairly reasonable for anyone living off his unemployment insurance during the summer. The Saxony, as an example, which is the last word in creature comforts (they bring free orange juice to your room immediately after you check in) slices its rates in half during the current off-season.

In British Jamaica, where Horatio Nelson was once governor, the ladies smoke pipes and signs read "Stick No Bills" and "Beware of Bad Dogs." There is a saloon in Kingston called the Peace and Love Tavern; the Shanghai Restaurant advertises "Hot Patties and Fancy Cakes," and on lazy Sundays the goats chew the lawns in front of the Supreme Court. Kingston generates considerable local pride over its 400-acre botanical garden but it probably isn't anything more special than what you have in your home town. The guides, on the other hand, do have some interesting recipes should you happen to have some odd roots lying around your cellar. If my notes serve me well, you can make yourself a fine tonic by boiling sarsaparilla roots, adding whisky, and bottling the concoction for a couple of weeks. "It's a builder directly as I'm telling you," our man informed us.

The Myrtlebank is Kingston's principal hotel, but it is more of a backdrop for some Somerset Maugham intrigue than a resort. Abe Issa, a flavorful individual once of Holy Cross, who owns the Myrtlebank and most of Jamaica's lucrative endeavors, has lately built the Tower Isle, a magnificent palace on the north shore. During these summer months Tower Isle gets $10-15 single and $9-12.50 double, a rate scale which includes a room with a terrace, breakfast thereupon in the morning, luncheon by the pool, and dinner in the dining salon. There is also an ocean on the premises, cement tennis court, sailboats, fishing cruiser, a roof-top nightclub, and a platoon of honeymooners no matter what the season.

The recent "revolution" in Haiti, a term which adds unearned romance to the simple removal of President Estimé, has left the country unchanged. Estimé is out, the military junta of four years ago is back in. But



the ladies in the striking red bandannas and the baskets atop their heads still pad down the mountain roads to the teeming, filthy Port au Prince market which does business under an air armada of flies. The nighttime Petionville market still thrives, each vendor marked by a tiny kerosene lantern made from old Carnation milk cans. The road gangs still sing lustily and swing their picks in military unison. The landowner just outside town who has a small waterfall on his tract and offers baths for two cents still does a handsome business. And in the Creole conversation of the natives who work in the hotels, a non-tipping tourist remains a *cocoyer*.

A financial fizzle, the International Exposition at Port au Prince, which has just closed for the summer, did pump some vital vitamins into Haiti's sagging list of sagging hotels. The Thorland Club, a few miles out of town, now under new American ownership, is adding a group of modern bungalows and an enlarged main house with extra guest rooms. It offers, as does no one else in Haiti, four handsome tennis courts and an immense fresh-water swimming pool. Although you can, of course, get something as un-African as a bacon and tomato on white toast for lunch, the Haitian kitchen on occasion also whips up such indigent indigestibles as *lambi ac bérégin'*, a magnificent cross of conch meat and eggplant.

YOU ought not to miss lunch at Ibo Lélé, high up in the hills, where the view stretches for seventy miles and even the astigmatic guests can see as far as the Dominican frontier, twenty-five miles across the peaks and plains. Anyone on the lam from the Feds ought to be safe at Le Refuge, which is eighteen miles out of Port au Prince and 5,500 feet above the level of the sea. To get there you take a limousine until it begins to cough and then switch to a jeep for the final lap. In spite of its unhandy location, Le Refuge has only lately been sought out by such internationalists as Errol Flynn, Gregory Peck, and André Maurois, all of whose autographs grace the guest book. Coming down from the hill country have a look at Chatelet des Fleurs, which is a mountain hotel, a restaurant, and a flower plantation all at the same time. A dozen glads, for which Max Schling extracts a transfusion in New York, sell for a dollar on the scene.

The new 300-room Caribé Hilton in San Juan, as modern as any house Roark built, has detonated a new and expensive Puerto Rican tourist boom. The Condado Beach, long San Juan's number-one hotel before the Hiltons arrived, has added a new million-dollar wing, which will be ready next

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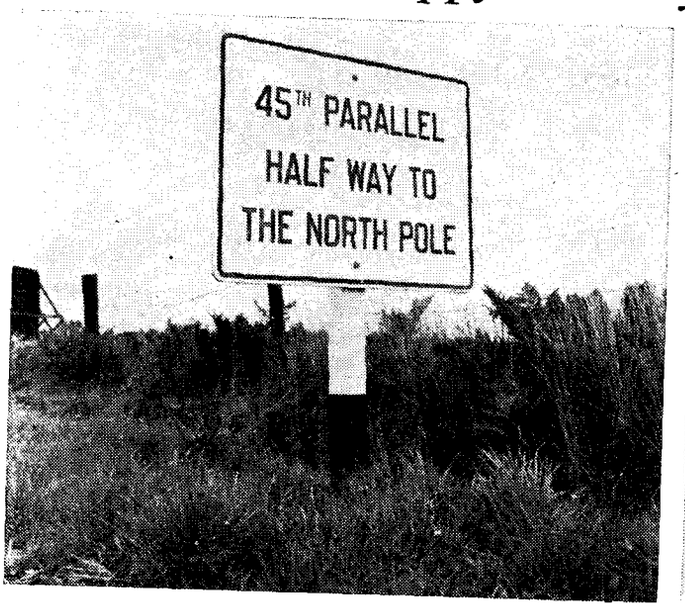
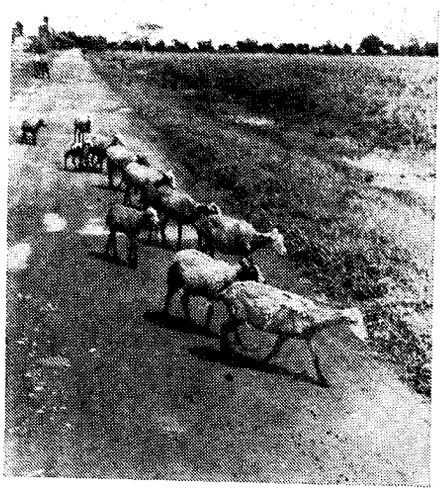
For a Happy Holiday Come to Bali L'ow*

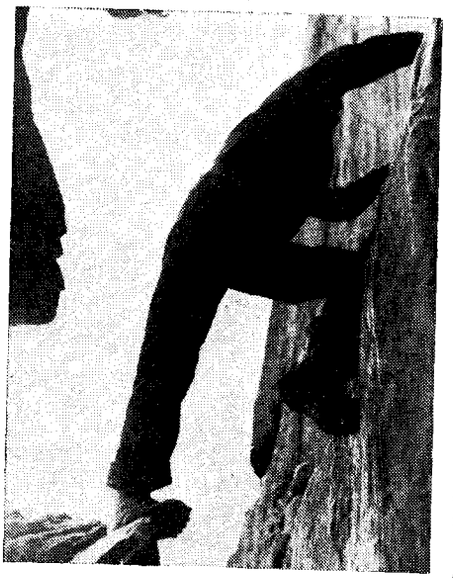


"Easily marked routes will lead you to central points of interest."

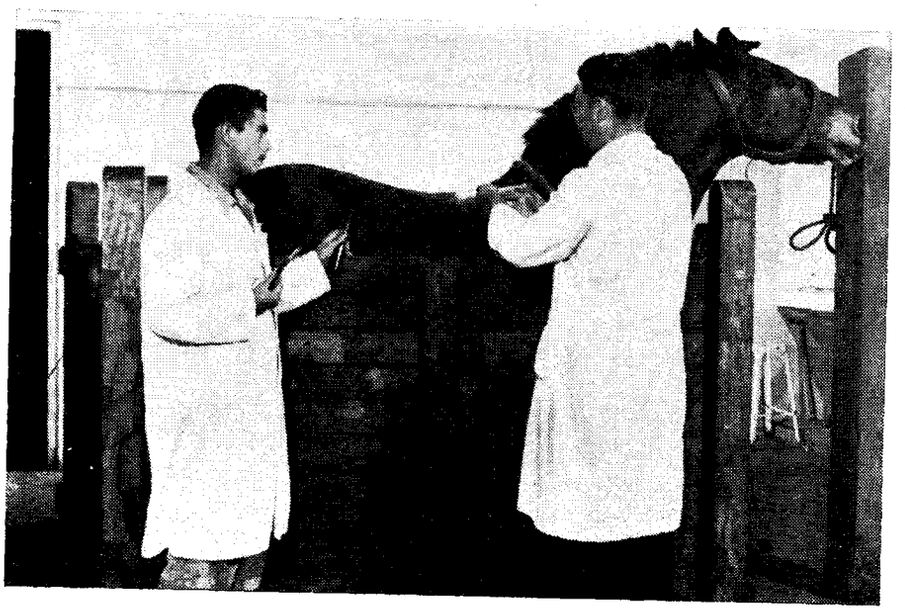
"Hotel bus meets all trains."



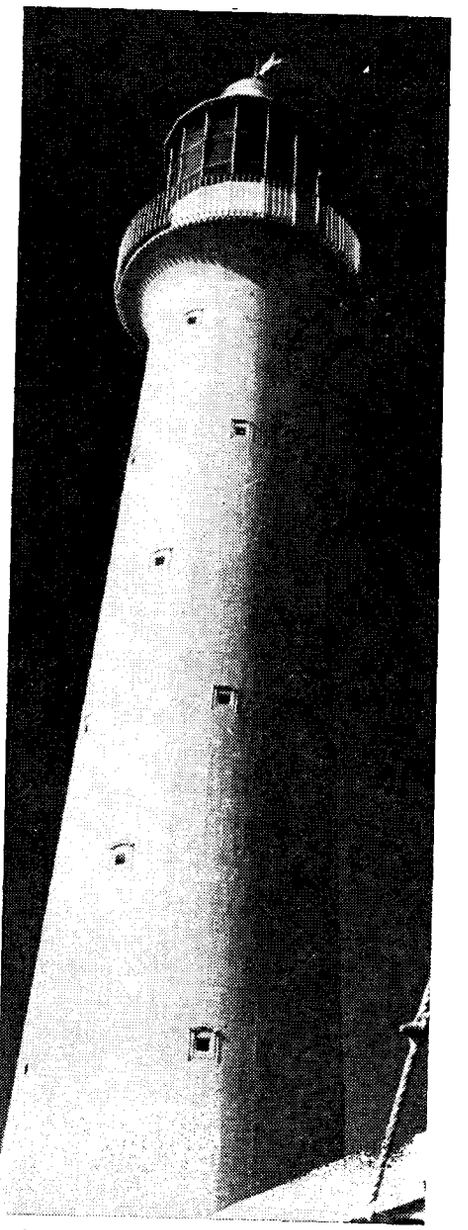
"Wild game stalk the woodlands. . . ."



". . . dining room handy to all cottages."



"Qualified physician in residence at the hotel."



—*From "Happy Holiday," by Ewing Krainin and Horace Sutton.

"Unusual weekend hideaway."

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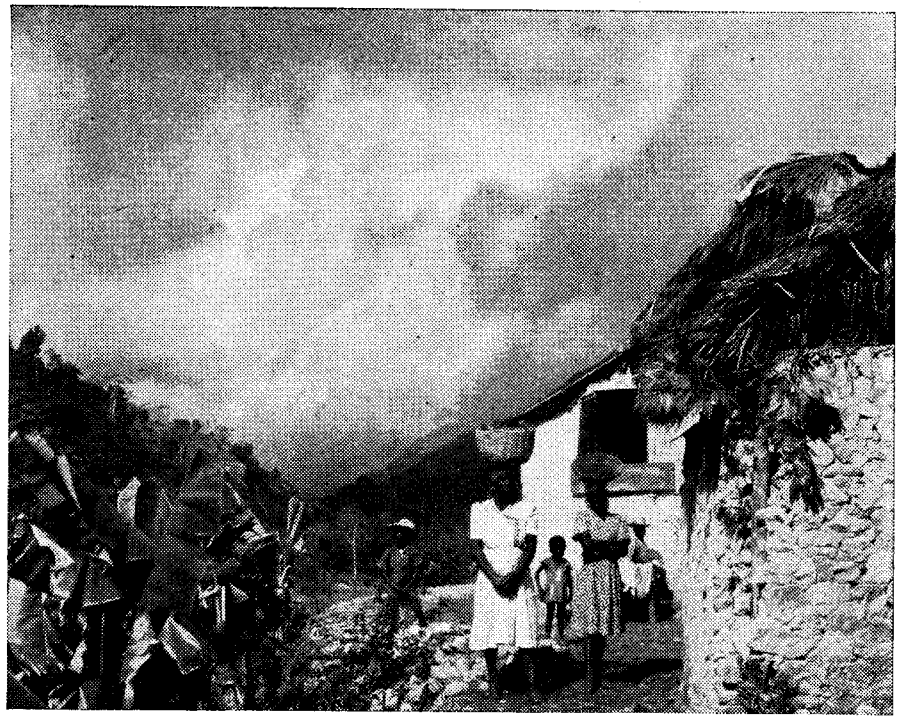

—*Pan American World Airways.*

Under an air armada of flies, basket-topped ladies.

month. Jack's, once a seedy nightclub, is a *nouveau riche* establishment, a little self-conscious in its sleek new decor, its seven-dollar dinners, and its posh gambling salon in the basement. Although the island has developed some native talent for ceramics and straw, the prices will seem outlandish for any tourist coming from islands to the West. The Government's own shop in the airport sells ceramic jars as big as a waterglass for $1.50, sabutan straw place mats for a dollar each, handbags at $6.50, and screens for $40. Airport porters charge a strict ten-cents-a-bag fee, an assessment which is duplicated by the cab drivers. The checkroom takes suitcases at 25¢ each, which is two and a half times the prevailing Manhattan rate.

The Caribé Hilton, not inexpensive either, is, all the same, a masterpiece of futuristic fabrication. Sitting over the sea in San Juan, its planes and angles are enough to scare an inquisitive porpoise out of a year of procreation. Every room has a triangular balcony, a tile floor, chrome fixtures, unfolding desks, and folding make-up tables. There is a swimming pool (which we trust looks like nobody's kidney we know), a sand beach on the sea, cabanas equipped with couch, shower, and telephone, and a built-in gambling casino adjoining the restaurant and the nightclub. Every new guest is welcomed with a Hilton Special, which is a whole coconut filled with a mixture of apricot brandy, rum, and coconut milk, a brew guaranteed to give every architectural angle new acuteness. Should you decide you'd be better off with something more Castilian, you'll find plenty of signs around quaint old San Juan which say: *"Schlitz — tome la cerveza que hizo famosa a Milwaukee."*

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

BERMUDA HOLIDAY, by Mary Johnson Tweedy. Crown. $2.50. A pocket-sized guide to the happy isle that will almost slip into your Bermuda shorts, written by an ex-*Time* and *Lifer*. Mrs. Tweedy, who had previously considered the Calcutta-Shanghai circuit her private bailiwick, has been downright sensible about Bermuda. There

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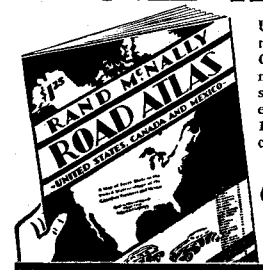

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is a definitive list of hotels and guest houses and she tells you which is likely to be Very English, which may be very quiet, and which is sure to be pure fun. You'll find a complete directory of where to golf, sail, fish, or swallow a rum fizzle. There is a chapter, too, on Bermuda's FFB's (First Families of Bermuda) sometimes known as Bermuda's Forty Thieves. Illustrated with black and white and color photographs, all with pleasant, unstylized captions.

ALL THIS IS LOUISIANA, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Harper. $5. Mrs. Keyes, a lady known as a novelist for some thirty-odd years, has produced an entirely new kind of travel book. There is hardly a page and never two facing pages without a large, usually animated photograph. The text deals directly with the pictures and I'm not really sure whether the writing can be considered as a series of extended captions or whether the photographs are there to illustrate the writing. Anyway, hitting the reader simultaneously through both media, Mrs. Keyes manages to take you deep inside Louisiana to show you baptizings, buggies, and burials. Her discussion of New Orleans, as an example, which happens to be the country's second largest port, is illustrated with a photo of an elephant being hauled aboard ship. The port also deals, however, with shrimp, sulphur, grain, oysters, and memories of Huey Long. Elsewhere Mrs. Keyes takes up such local incidentals as frog-jumping contests, iced orange wine, leprosy, and the strawberries that bloom in the spring.

YOUR HOLIDAY IN IRELAND, by Gordon Cooper and Ernest Welsman. Medill McBride. $2.50. Americans may have some difficulty deciding what the authors mean when they say, "Be sure to bring your mackintosh," but despite its British accent your holiday in Ireland should be enhanced with this book. You are advised, for instance, to travel by horse-caravan, a device which I dare say nary a travel agent knows about. Although hikers can be happy in Ireland they ought to know that eleven Irish miles equal fourteen English miles, and distances are often measured in the time it takes a farmer to travel there in his donkey cart. Irish food is like English food, the authors say, except that there is more of it, and the Irish have added such things of their own as soda bread, apple fudge, boiled bacon and cabbage, and poteen—an illegal brew made of fermented barley. As the Irishman said, "If the poteen don't kill me, I'll live till I die." Illustrated with standard postcard views.

—H. S.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BACH ANNIVERSARY		
BACH: SEVEN SONATAS FOR FLUTE AND HARPSICHORD. Fernand Caratge, flute; Marcelle Charbonnier, harps. Polydor-Vox LP: PL 6160 (2)	Top-quality wide-range recording supplements the fine playing. Big, spacious liveness, the two instruments close, well balanced. (Slight quavering hiss in flute is evidently actual breath sound.) Add this to your Schneider-Kirkpatrick violin sonata series—now on three LPs.	For my money, this is the finest Bach playing of the sort I've heard. Three each, sonatas for harps. obbligato (written out) and for flute and continuo—plus an odd violin sonata played on flute. Extraordinary flute playing; tasteful, musical keyboard realization.
BACH'S ROYAL INSTRUMENT (BACH ORGAN WORKS). E. Power Biggs. Vol. I: Toc. Adagio & Fugue in C; Schubler Chorale preludes. Vol. II: Trio Sonatas; "Great" Preludes & Fugues in B mi., G. Columbia LP ml 4284, 4285.* (*Available separately*)	A monumental and valuable recording project, no doubt to be continued. The new Symphony Hall organ in Boston combines modern and Baroque stops; an "all-purpose" instrument, rather overlarge for Bach. These records show the usual meticulously accurate, painstaking Biggs performance; registration on this organ is, I'd say, considerably more interesting than in previous Biggs releases. But there is still that indefinable, persistent monotony, unmusicality. Is it in the rigid, unbending tempi, the unplastic rhythmic phrasing? Distressing in such a laudable enterprise as this.	
BACH: MOTET, "SINGET DEM HERRN"; "NUN IST DAS HEIL" (CANTATA ♯50); "DU HIRTE ISRAEL, HORE" (CANTATA ♯104). Berlin State Academy Choir and Orch. Capitol LP: L-8077 (10")*	Good-quality recording, a bit scratchy. (From older discs?) The unaccompanied double-chorus motet has nice separation of the two groups.	A most earnest, well-pitched version of this difficult a capella motet, somewhat nervous in phrasing, detachments, etc. "Nun est," with orch., is big, pompous Bach; "Du Hirte" is the familiar "Jesu, Joy," in original.
BACH: MOTETS: "LOBET DEN HERRN," "KOMM, JESU, KOMM"; THREE CHORALES. Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross. Columbia LP: ml 2102 (10")*	Top-rating choral recording, with fine presence and liveness. Harpsichord continuo in "Lobet" is authentic—but chorus gets out of tune with it; it's too close.	Two more of the unaccompanied motets. This typical U.S.-trained group is accurate but heavy-toned; pitch ensemble is dull; the rich voices are more forward than the musical sense. Quasi-success.
BACH: COFFEE CANTATA. Uta Graf, sop.; Earl Rogers, ten., Ralph Herbert, bar. Allegro Chamber Society. Allegro LP; AL 53.	Evidently one of the current living-room-recorded tape jobs—close-to, with an unpleasant, hard room sound in background. Fine quality makes this unimportant.	The humorous father-daughter-narrator skit (result of legal prohibition of coffee!) is quite well done. Baritone is best; tenor and soprano nervous. Small instr. group a bit rough.
THE LIGHT TOUCH		
DELIBES: "COPPELIA" BALLET MUSIC; "SYLVIA" BALLET MUSIC. Paris Conservatory Orch. Désormières. London LP: LPS 183, 184 (10")	I'd class these better in over-all sound quality than the 78 rpm ffrr sensations of a few years back which they replace; some picked passages may be better in the 78 version. Bizet is less live, round than the Delibes recordings. Silent surfaces help immensely, as does LP continuity.	London continues to re-do items which were standard hi-fi show pieces in 78 rpm ffrr only a few years back. The Delibes is beautifully played, as is the Bizet; gorgeous recording makes these best bets in the category for entertainment, hi-fi style.
BIZET: "CARMEN" SUITE; "L'ARLESIENNE" SUITE. London Philharmonic, Van Beinum. London LP: LLP 179		
POULENC: LE BAL MASQUÉ (CANTATE PROFANE). Warren Galjour, baritone; chamber group dir., Edvard Fendler. Esoteric LP: ES 2000 (10")	Ultra-wide-range, close-up tape recording; rather dry, without much liveness—but it suits the music. The difficult voice part is nicely coped with.	Poulenc up to his usual tongue-in-cheek (but one is never sure . . .) smartness; this work has more stuffing than most. Excellent singing of surrealistlike verses; deliciously decadent. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

*Also other speeds.

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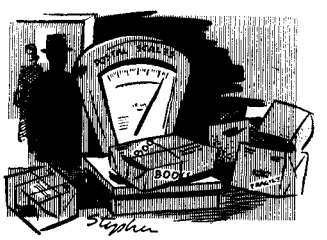
Publishers' Corner

THOSE CHIMERICAL RIGHTS, PART 2

LAST MONTH [*SRL* May 13] I discussed the extra rights income obtained by publishers, pointing out how publishers go about getting additional revenue (following publication) from book clubs, pocket books, magazines, newspapers, and hundreds of other sources. Also reviewed was William Miller's thesis [*SRL* Oct. 29, 1949] that publishers' bookkeeping was at fault in their plaint that trade-book selling had not reached a profitable basis; that some figure-chicanery lay at the root of present price structures of books and in the way they are sold. Miller's panacea, you may remember, was that publishers ought always to assume they would get the extra income; therefore they ought to charge some part of the costs of the original publishing of a book against the possibility of the future rights.

And last month, too, I promised that I'd spend enough time in publishers' offices and with my own cost assemblies to put the rights income into its fair place in the scene. Here is the result of a lot of perspiration to get at the facts.

First of all, how much opportunity is there for big rights income? The best pickings would seem to be in the book clubs and reprint houses. The Book-of-the-Month Club uses about eighteen major titles a year, plus six dividend or premium books, a total of twenty-four. The Literary Guild uses twelve novels and about six premium books, a total of eighteen. The major Doubleday book-club chain (Family, Home, etc.) uses somewhere around fifteen titles a year. The Fiction Book Club uses twelve titles a year. The People's Book Club also uses twelve titles. At least ten books which are not book-club choices are sold every year to Hollywood with publisher participation. The Book Find Club uses twelve books a year. *The Reader's Digest* condenses one book or more a month and as many as half of these, say ten, are not book-club selections. *Omnibook* uses thirty-six titles a year, of which at least fifteen are not book-club selections. Pocket Books uses four titles a month, of which at least two are bought from publishers. All other reprint houses undoubtedly account for no more than sixty additional titles in the course of a year.



This adds up to about 200 titles a year. Books available for these rights are somewhere between 5,000 and 6,000 a year. If 5,000 is the correct figure, then it is pretty obvious that about one book in twenty-five makes its publisher $1,000 or better in special rights money.

The rest of the rights income has to be in much, much smaller pieces—except for the occasional bonanza that comes from a Hollywood and radio adoption.

In order to get a reasonable presentation of what is occurring today I put together a few facts from the figures of some large publishers and some of average size. Here is one with a net volume of more than two million dollars last year. Rights income amounted to about $33,000 (compared to about $60,000 in the year preceding). Forty-three per cent of the books actually produced some kind of extra income. When you break this down you find that 60 per cent of the books that enjoyed rights income got less than $500. Another large trade-book publisher, with net sales last year just short of two million dollars, hit a jackpot. Rights income was about $200,000—which was over twice as much as in the previous year. Forty per cent of the books in this case got some kind of special income. But here, too, 70 per cent of the books that got rights received less than $500 per book. In still another — perhaps consistently the largest producer of rights in the country—the net sales income is a little more than two million dollars. Rights income is unusual. It ran close to $200,000—10 per cent of sales. In this one 65 per cent of the books had income from rights. Still the income was below $25 on 30 per cent of the books.

Let's go over now to the smaller publishers. In one, gross income in trade books was $540,000. Rights income was about 6 per cent of sales. Out of thirty books only five earned more than $100 in rights in 1949. Another company of about the same size had forty-five titles in 1949, of which only fifteen produced income from any special sales. Another had 120 trade books over the three years. Thirty had rights income of more than $25. Eighty-eight had no rights income or less than $25. In another, producing fifty books a year, the pick-up on rights income is about $5,000 a year. In another, a fifteen-year record shows rights income of over $25 per book on only 20 per cent of the books. In one house prominently identified with the sale of rights, twenty out of eighty books published got some extra money in special rights of more than $250 per book—due in a large part to book-club selections, movie rights, or magazine money.

To sum up these several ledgers, we can lay it down as a rule that only four books out of ten get any kind of rights. Moreover, in two out of ten the income is far less than $500 per book (in close to half the cases where some rights are received it is probably under $100 per book). That is an insignificant portion of the sales or the cost of the book.

Take a novel priced at only $3 and assume we can print and market 10,000 copies. Net sales, allowing a 40-per-cent-discount to the book store, give the publisher $18,000. His expenses will probably break down to something like this:

Getting ready, printing, paper and production costs of the book and jacket—at least	$ 5,000
Advertising, say at 10 per cent of sales at list price	3,000
Royalty to author—at least	4,000
Selling, shipping, warehousing and overhead — it probably runs 30 per cent of sales today	5,400
	$17,400

If he is lucky, the publisher earns $600 and two books in ten will give him $25 to $500 in rights. Two others in ten will earn more—maybe way over $10,000. Eventually the total rights income figures to about 4 per cent of total present-day sales. That would be $720 if allocated to this book. How can such a sum have any influence on plans for a particular book or for publishing all trade books?

It is true that a well-established publisher, particularly one with a book back list, can assume some income from rights year after year. But you cannot run a business on the possibility of extra income. Books themselves (said one publisher to me) are speculative enough without compounding the felony by regularly budgeting for the special rights income—whether or not it comes.

Save for prominent detective or Western story writers (Erle Stanley Gardner, Ellery Queen, etc.) I know no publisher who takes a book with any assurance of a market in book

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clubs, the reprinters, or the movies. No one (including Mr. Miller) can possibly tell which of 5,000 books published each year will get any rights. All publishers can do in this highly speculative business is to take the best possible books and gamble their costs against a possible sale. If that works out they win. If it does not would it not be brainless to hold over a large segment of the book costs against the possibility of selling rights in this or some later year?

We already have enough gamble in the business when we print up to the largest amount we can guess the book will sell. We've got to do that (see PUBLISHERS' CORNER, *SRL* Apr. 15) in order to get our manufacturing costs down to a reasonable basis. Large orders give a lower unit price; small orders (conservative printings until we have an idea of the popularity of the book) raise havoc with manufacturing costs. What the publishing industry needs is not a speculative accounting method of charging part of its cost against uncertain extra income which may or may not be received in the future; it needs a sound business basis of earning a decent profit on the sale of books. How to arrive at that happy state would take us into realms of cost cutting, newer distribution methods, and many elements of good management. It also needs better guidance to return us to the rights income of several years ago (it then was 8 or 10 per cent of net sales for the whole industry).

When publishers are earning a modest profit on the direct publishing of books, plus some additional return from these outside sources, we may have the book industry earning something approaching the normal profits found in other lines. But our gamble would be fantastic if we reorganized the accounting of business so as to make survival depend on uncontrollable extras.

In April trade-book sales were 125 per cent of those in the preceding year. The sales for the first four months were 101 per cent of the 1949 total. Our index covers the sales from publishers to all sorts of distributors.

—J. K. LASSER.

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MANHATTAN COUPLE, motoring Yellowstone, July 21-Aug. 21. Couple, good sports, come along? Box 818-C.

PROFESSOR will tutor, college, high school, summer, travel anywhere. Box 819-C.

MAN is extending invitation to mature traveling companion of either sex for 10,000 mile auto-tour, starting June 30. Box 820-C.

HUMOROUS, versatile career-girl invites correspondence from mature men. Box 821-C.

ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN would correspond with mature Englishman. Box 824-C.

POSITION DESIRED—Tutor, social secretary, companion, by mature woman, college graduate, successful teacher. Box 825-C.

PROFESSOR seeks house near water for summer season. Box 826-C.

SUMMER RENTAL—*Saybrook, Conn. Bright, cheery* furnished house, 3 bedrooms. Private lake. Box 827-C.

FOR GRADUATE WOMEN planning attendance summer session Cornell University, cool, quiet rooms available at Sorority House. Box 828-C.

YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER, Annapolis graduate, European duty, amateur composer and artist, invites vivid correspondence from aspiring, young lady. Box 829-C.

MUSICAL MISS, interested arts, sciences, invites correspondence from young intellectual males. Box 830-C.

BEAUTIFUL PARK VIEW, 2½ rooms, piano, $110, summer or longer. NYC, ENdicott 2-7896.

GENTLEMAN, traveled and lived in Spanish-speaking countries, responsible, wishes correspondence with cultured young ladies in Spanish. Box 832-C.

INTERESTING POSITION, NYC, week-ends, evenings? Attractive, cultured young woman, M.A. offers athletics, secretarial, writing experience. Box 833-C.

FOR RENT: *July & Aug., 5-room, furnished apartment*, near Columbia. Box 834-C.

WOMAN, middle-aged, intelligent, discriminating, educated, sincere, stimulating, seeks correspondent, similar description. Box 835-C.

WELL-TRAVELED, cultured lady seeks correspondence refined, interesting people. Box 836-C.

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL STYLIST knows all the tricks of concealing a hearing aid. Want help? Miss Carnegie, NYC, Circle 7-7284.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN loves music, travel, seeks correspondence intelligent lady. Box 858-C.

I WANTED TO WRITE, but after a year in publicity I'm further from editorial work than ever. Young, eager, flexible. Journalism graduate, advertising and literature minors. Box 859-C.

MUSIC TEACHER, male, successful and 28 years old, would like interesting summer before starting work on Doctorate. Box 732-C.

AWKWARD, SENSITIVE YOUNG MAN, enjoying travel, dancing, outdoors, etc., would write thoroughly sensible, understanding, lonely, straight-forward, young maiden of character and individuality, rather than charm or appearance. Box 733-C.

GRACIOUS GAL with imagination and some wit, invites correspondence from genuine gentlemen. Box 750-C.

YOUNG ENGLISH GRADUATE, Cambridge, qualified Geography, wide range subjects, wants year teaching, tutoring near NYC. Begin Autumn. Box 751-C.

FEMALE, mature, wide adult interests, surrounded by people at work, lonely at home, desires varied, sincere male correspondence. Box 752-C.

WOMAN, cultured, charming, loves life, wholesome, attractive living, invites correspondence man, middle-aged, preferably country dweller. Box 761-C.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER, age 23, 2 years' experience teaching English, drama, desires position in high school or junior college in New England, preferably Connecticut. Also summer employment as tutor, governess or in summer theatre. Box 529, Litchfield, Conn.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

My latest book "WRITERS HERE'S YOUR BONUS" brings checks to hundreds! $1 postpaid. Eloise Cozens, New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

FOR SALE: Quaint 200-year-old Nantucket cottage *on ocean bluff, 6 rooms, furnished with 40-odd antiques*, studio barn. $6,500. Box 670-C.

COLLEGE CO-ED, intelligent, energetic, seeks summer employment outside NYC. Surroundings more important than pay. Box 838-C.

FRENCH LESSONS offered against payment or against instruction, ping-pong, sailing. Box 839-C.

CAPABLE, INTERESTING business gal, alert, slightly old, seeks male correspondence. Box 842-C.

MAINE COAST: Summer home, congenial island community, 3 bedrooms, all comforts. Wonderful for children. $350 season. Box 846-C.

CULTURED, ATHLETIC, personable lady, in late 30's, with love for life and people, experience in business, commerce, social work, diplomatic service, housekeeping, hotel training, 5 languages, aims for work where zest, initiative, shouldering of varied responsibilities are required and appreciated. Box 850-C.

MODERN, 2-BEDROOM COTTAGE, hot water, electricity, Old Chatham, N.Y. 20 minutes from Tanglewood. Beautiful site, 200 acres. Box 851-C.

YOUNG MAN wishes share expenses, auto, U.S. tour. Box 852-C.

GRADUATE STUDENT, social sciences, seeks position providing research, editorial experience. 853-C.

ATTENTION! Valuable, lovable, Chihuahua puppies, free upon request if suitable home. Box 854-C.

RETIRED COUPLE wishes to buy unpretentious, but interesting house, 5-8 rooms, in eastern village or small town. Old house preferred if in excellent condition. Railroad or bus transportation. Box 855-C.

COLLEGE SENIOR, attractive, art major, seeks interesting position. Contact: Box 857-C.

MALE, whose hobby is sailboating, seeks feminine correspondent similarly interested. Box 648-C.

PERSONALS

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 24-Aug. 11, 1950. Write for information.

FOR RENT: Delightful summer retreat. 6-room cottage, fireplace and modern conveniences. Rippling brook, views, etc. Seasonal or longer period. Write: P.O. Box 418, New Milford, Conn.

WORTH READING—"Look To The Rock" the astonishing Bible prophecy book. $1.50 postpaid. Box 862-C.

VACATIONS

DEUTSCH'S FARM, Canaan, N. Y. Comfort, good food, brook, record library, books. Heart of the Berkshires, near Tanglewood. Adults only. Open all year round.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, crafts, $45.

POCONOS. Refined country home or cottages, completely furnished. Box 115, Mountainhome, Pa.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL: 1,000 acre farm Green Mountains, brooks, Lucullan food. Brandon, Vt.

BERKSHIRES, cuisine, francaise, informal, restful atmosphere. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMONT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

RELAX on the island of a thousand moods! Beth Gardner's BLYTHEWOOD on beautiful Loon Lake *in the Adirondacks invites you to spend inspiring* vacations. Theatre festival, Art and Dance instruction, all sports, modern accommodations. Opening June 24. Write today for folder to BLYTHEWOOD, Chestertown, N. Y. or contact Betty White, 130 West 42 St., LOngacre 4-7533.

LIVE LIKE EISENHOWER and CHURCHILL—paint to relax. Art center, Playhouse, resort hotel. Private *beach. June 26. Highfield on Cape Cod, Falmouth*, Mass.

FARM VACATIONS. Enjoy your vacation on a real farm—an exciting, educational holiday for all the family at low cost, with fresh milk and eggs, home grown vegetables, home baked pies, farm animals, swimming, fishing, square dancing and everything that goes with real farm life. Adults $25 weekly up. *Children less. For booklet describing over* 300 inspected farms, East and Midwest, send 25¢ to: Box 21, FARM VACATIONS & HOLIDAYS, INC., 500 Fifth Ave., NYC 18.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Excellent accommodations, private lake, 4 tennis courts, music, library. Adults only.

You can WALK to Tanglewood for the concerts this summer . . . enjoy good food, good beds, good company if you stay at MUSIC INN. Alan Lomax Folk Concerts at MUSIC INN—July 1-4. Our Berkshire Almanac is available on request. Write: Stephanie Frey Barber, MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass. NYC telephone: MUrray Hill 5-0866.

A SMALL HOMEY WESTERN RANCH? Write: The Patons, Shell, Wyoming.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. $35 weekly. Folder.

HAND'S COVE INN on Lake Champlain—Shoreham, Vt. Brochure available. Virginia S. Graham.

CANDLELIGHT FARMS, *New Milford, Conn. Country* life at its best. Modern comforts. By reservation only.

FLYNN'S HOTEL, Ocean Bay Park, Fire Island, N.Y. 30 miles of ocean front, picturesque, unforgettable. Telephone: Fire Island 5666-J.

THE ALLEN PLACE: Small, specialties—excellent food, mountain scenery, country life, interesting people. Moderate rates. R.F.D. 2, South Royalton, Vt.

THE ACCENT is on good food, fun, music (resident trio), tennis, swimming at HIGH POINT, New Marlboro, Mass.

ENTERTAINMENT . . . SPORTS . . . Painting . . . Crafts in a delightful hideaway in the mountains. Chesters' ZUNBARG, Woodbourne, N. Y. Telephone: Woodbourne 1150.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 847

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

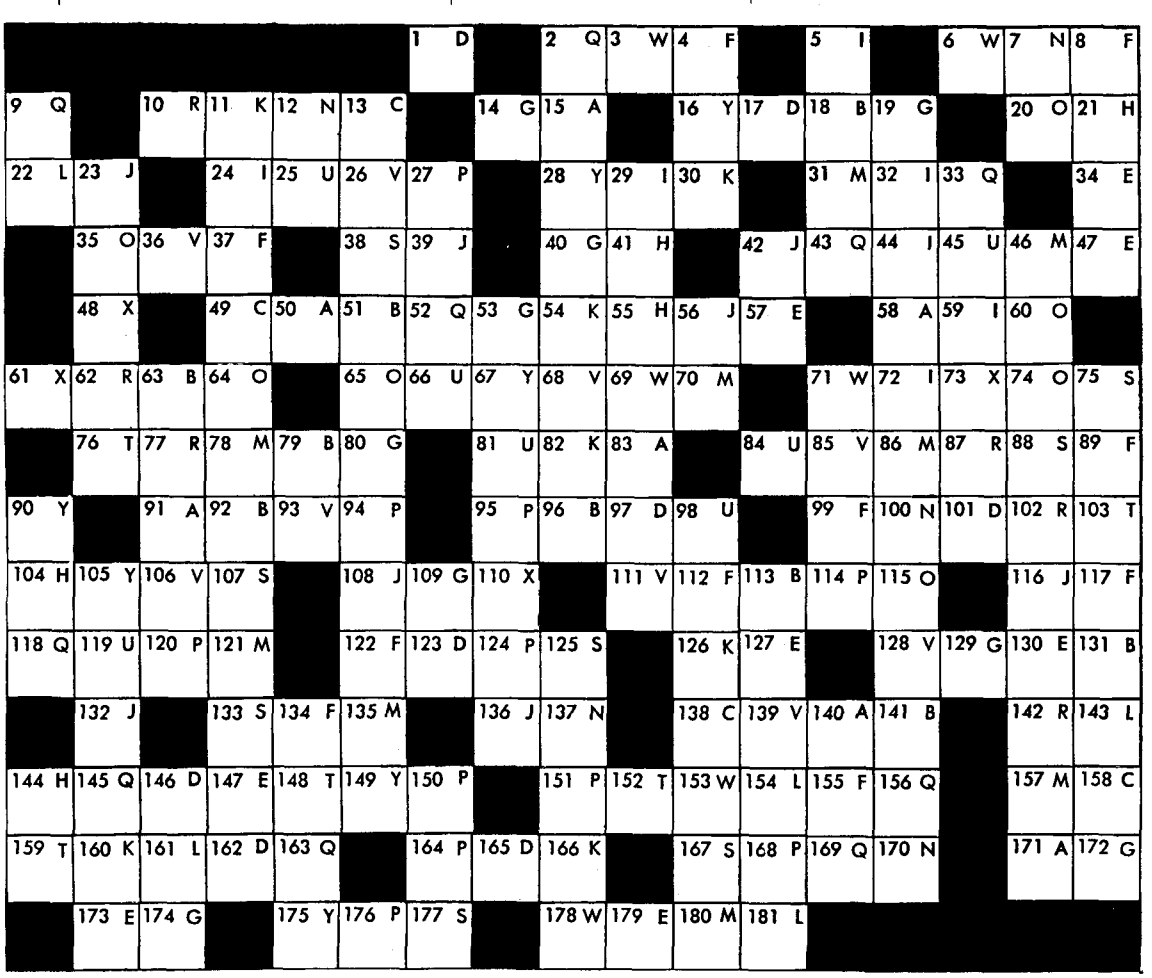
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Netherlands-born U.S. painter, esp. of American landscapes (1854-1934).	50 91 58 83 171 140 15
B. German writer, awarded the Nobel Prize in literature, 1912.	131 92 113 63 141 51 18 79 96
C. English landscape painter and etcher (1849-1913).	13 158 49 138
D. Members of a colony, about 600 B.C., from Jerusalem to the American continent (Book of Mormon).	165 146 123 17 1 97 162 101
E. A pink variety of garnet (mineral).	47 173 57 179 147 34 130 127
F. Youthful vigor (2 wds.).	37 134 122 89 8 99 155 112 117 4
G. Italian statesman, writer, scholar (1818-86; biography of Raphael, etc.).	40 14 174 80 109 172 19 53 129
H. First name, English woman author who wrote under name "Ellis Bell."	104 55 144 21 41
I. A section of India whose capital is Calicut.	24 5 29 32 72 59 44
J. Exposed to the air like a quarry (mining).	136 116 56 39 42 132 108 23
K. Village, in Cyprus sacred to Aphrodite (Gr. myth.).	11 166 160 30 54 82 126
L. Poured forth wildly.	143 22 161 181 154
M. To yield place (2 wds.).	180 135 121 157 86 70 78 31 46

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Dyke built by King of the Mercians against the Welsh, 8th cent., A.D.	7 12 137 100 170
O. Made confused, as with drink (colloq.).	20 74 115 65 35 64 60
P. Flameless, as applied to a lamp.	164 151 176 114 124 150 95 94 27 168 120
Q. Emphasized form of pronoun, second person, plural.	33 43 118 163 9 52 2 145 156 169
R. Omits or suppresses from consideration.	77 10 62 142 102 87
S. An epithet of Bacchus referring to his childhood (Gr. myth.).	133 88 167 125 38 75 177 107
T. A place or condition of neglect or oblivion.	159 148 103 76 152
U. Irish journalist and national leader popularly known as Tay Pay (1848-1929).	25 84 81 45 119 98 66
V. The proper thing (2 wds.; colloq.).	128 85 36 106 26 111 139 68 93
W. An indwelling power or spirit.	6 71 3 69 153 178
X. English portrait and historical painter, "The Cornish Wonder" (1761-1807; Dr. Johnson, Burke, etc.).	73 61 48 110
Y. Liberal American critic and book columnist (1891-).	90 28 105 149 67 175 16

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 49 of this issue.

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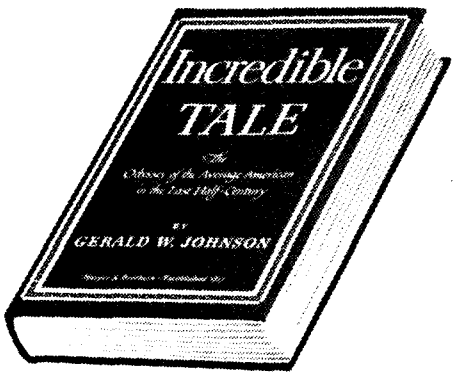

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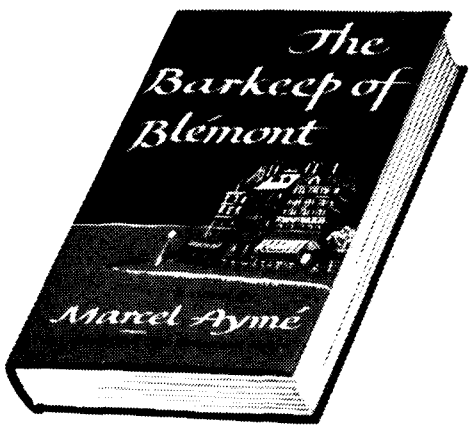
—LLOYD MORRIS, *Saturday Review*. $3.50

MARCEL AYMÉ'S

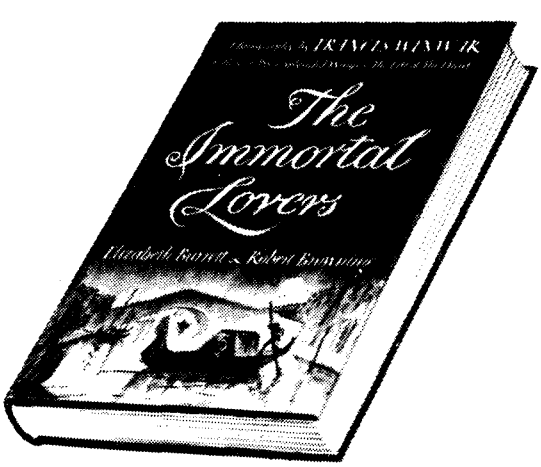


The Barkeep of Blémont

"A novel about a French provincial town in the summer of 1945 . . . intensely readable and continuously amusing."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*. "(He is) the keenest satirist writing in France today . . . his gifts as a humorous *conteur* class him among the greatest in that Gallic tradition . . . For anyone with normal curiosity and a sense of humor it would be impossible to read the initial paragraph without continuing."
—JUSTIN O'BRIEN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. $3.00

H B

FRANCES WINWAR'S



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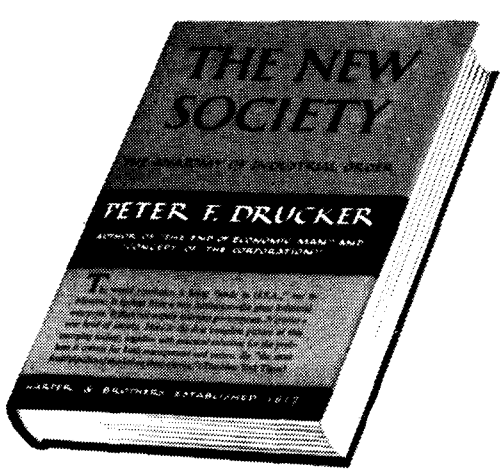
The imperishable love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning brought to you "with freshness and infinite charm by the author of THE LIFE OF THE HEART."—*Cleveland News*. "As fresh and tender as anything they themselves ever wrote . . . Miss Winwar has a sure hand with color and character. In these pages a rose is made to bloom again."
—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Newspaper Syndicate*. $4.00

PETER F. DRUCKER'S



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